

# Sports Illustrated

MAY 26, 1975 75 CENTS

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what you're paying for.*



**Prudential**

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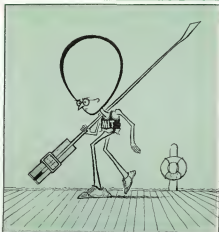
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BAD BILLY MARTIN, the baseball brawler, also happens to be a manager of rare ability—it was he who turned the Twins, Tigers and Rangers around—a loving father and man with a keen sense of humor. By Frank Deford

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## BOOKTALK

by FRANK DEFORD

FOR THOSE WHO SIS-BOOM-BAH AND HAVE A TASTE FOR SIDE BANANA JUMPS

*Two bits, four bits,  
Six bits, a dollar.  
All for Booktalk  
Stand up and holler!  
Yehhhhhhhhhhhhh*

In the last decade, cheerleader has become a disparaging word. It now conjures up the image of a mindless robot. "He's a cheerleader for Vietnam" is the particular phrase, I think, that did the most damage. At the same time, girl cheerleaders have become symbols of gross antifeminism. They are the sexual images of pretty but stupid dolls who not only subordinate themselves and the female role to boys, but do it primarily with their bodies—sort of antisocial strippers. Some years ago a novel about growing up and making out in the bland 1950s appeared. While cheerleading was hardly central to the theme, *The Cheerleader* was the title selected because it conveyed that image.

And yet, organized cheerleading, which began in 1898 at the University of Minnesota, continues to flourish. Once, when in a basketball story I wrote in passing that Kansas had the best-looking cheerleaders in the country, I was deluged by more contentious mail than I had ever received for saying somebody had the best players or the best coach. Five years later, on a return trip to Kansas, I was introduced as the stuporous man who had made that wonderful appraisal, and everybody remembered me. Many folks still do care about yelling.

Now, to go with cheerleading associations and training camps, we have *The Complete Book of Cheerleading* (Doubleday, \$7.95), edited by L. R. Herkimer and Phyllis Hollander, 285 pages complete. Oh Lord in heaven, is it complete: everything from how to do the Side Banana Jump, the Front-Thigh Stand and Shoulder Bird to tips on making pompons. Plus every known cheer.

Herkimer, the doyen of the set, finds it all very serious stuff. He presents 12 basic principles of cheerleading, 15 standards and nine qualifications, including (No. 5) "high moral character." Frowned upon are jewelry, bad knees and a disposition to "be easily swayed by compromising situations." I think the latter means not to be too obliging in the back seat with the star player after the game. But one crucial admonition is lacking. If only Herkimer, or somebody, could stop the blithering idiots, the country over, from screaming, "We're No. 1!" **END**



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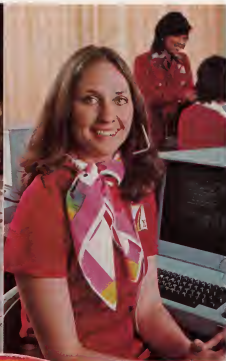
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# MOVIETALK

by MARK DONOVAN

REDFORD COMES IN ON A WING, A SMILE  
AND A FLYER—AND IS KILLED BY A PLOT

*Will men fly through the sky in the future without fearing what I have seen, without feeling what I have felt? Is that true of all things we call human progress—do the gods retire at commerce and science advance?*

—CHARLES LINDBERGH

*The Great Waldo Pepper*, a chronicle of barnstorming in the 1920s, prompts reminiscences of an era when flying was more sport than business. Baseball had its Babe, tennis its Bill Tilden, golf its Bobby Jones, but Charles Lindbergh belonged to all. "We measure heroes as we do ships, by their displacement," said Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes. "Colonel Lindbergh has displaced everything... has lifted us into the freer and upper air that is his home."

In a movie that purports to depict post-World War I life as it was in that "freer and upper air," it is ironic—and incomprehensible—that Lindbergh is given no mention. Not even when Waldo (Robert Redford) and his flying circus pass through Little Falls, Minn., Lindy's childhood home. He was, after all, a wing walker and barnstormer himself before the historic New York-to-Paris flight in May 1927. He parachuted to safety from disabled planes on four occasions, earning the nickname "Lucky Lindy."

Barnstorming was destined to be short-lived because, as Lindbergh sensed, the airplane would become a fixture in American life. Now we seldom look up when one passes overhead. *The Great Waldo Pepper* takes us back to a time and place when people did look up, specifically Nebraska in 1926. As the film opens, a small boy is romping across farmland when he hears the hum of an airplane engine. Ho-hum now, but something mysterious, almost mythical, then. He tracks the descending craft across the countryside until it lands in a field where the townsfolk have gathered. Redford leaps from the cockpit, flashing that almost illegal smile of his, and cries, "Hello, good people!" Sweet.

*Waldo Pepper* is at its best at the air. Stuntmen treat us to wing walking, ear-to-plane transfers, the outside loop and beautifully orchestrated dogfights. The "death spin" of Ernst Kessler (10 full turns as a 1918 J-1 Standard plummets from 3,000 feet) is riveting.

*Waldo Pepper* treads uncertain ground, however, when it comes down out of the clouds. The plot, such as it is, revolves

around Pepper trying to prove that he's the best, better even than Kessler (Bo Brundin), World War I German flying ace. It is yet another case of "the kid" versus "the king," strongly recalling *The Hustler*, *The Cincinnati Kid* and *Downfall Racer*. Rarely do movies about sport ring as true off the playing field as on (*The Hustler* being an exception). The climactic daylight between Waldo and Kessler is scenic but predictable.

These inherent difficulties are in no way aided by the cast's performances. Redford plays Waldo by recycling former roles—a likable, rather vacant golden boy. This character served well enough in *The Candidate*, but something more is called for here. He lacks the "vitality of his illusion," as Nick Carraway might put it. Brundin sports a lovely German accent as Kessler, but that's about it. Only Bo Svenson, as Waldo's friend, and Margot Kidder, as the girl Waldo comes home to, lend warmth and credence to their parts.

Worse, though, is the preachiness of the movie. One scene drones on as Kessler explains his love of flying: "In the sky, I've found—even among my enemies—courage, honor and chivalry. On the ground, there is only... Give us a break, Ernst."

Flying can be an elegant pastime, like gymnastics, ice skating or ballet. Yet, unlike these, the human has an equal partner in his venture—the plane. In this respect, the sport of flying is comparable to modern-day motor and yacht racing. Even here, there is a difference. Ask someone who won the Indy 500, and he will answer "Johnny Rutherford." Ask who won the America's Cup, and the reply is "*Courageux*." Ask Lindy who made history in 1927, and there is no hesitation: "We have made this flight across the ocean"—not I or it.

The Paris flight was a triumph for Lindbergh and the *Spirit of St. Louis*. A unique harmony existed between man and machine, and Lindbergh underlined the mutual dependence by entitling his account of the trip *Wings*. Although popular myth would have us believe otherwise, Lindbergh's first words after 33½ hours in flight were: "Are there any mechanics here?" His first concern was for the plane. This respect, admiration, indeed, love for the craft seems foreign to us now. Today's enormous machines may perform more impressive feats, but they do it casually and without heart. They scorn affection.

Lindbergh's mark was beamed in just two weeks, but that did not diminish the achievement. F. Scott Fitzgerald put it nicely: "In the spring of 1927, something bright and alien flashed across the sky... and for a moment, people set down their glasses in country clubs and speakeasies and thought of their old best dreams." If nothing else, *Waldo Pepper* serves as a fond reminder of those dreams.

END



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# SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

## STONE CASTER

Met Durbfielder Cleon Jones was called a disgrace to baseball after he managed to get arrested for sleeping nude in a van with a woman not his wife on a street in the middle of St. Petersburg, Fla. at 3 a.m. But the man whose behavior in the matter was truly disgraceful was M. Donald Grant, the Mets' general manager.

The indecent exposure charges against Jones were dropped (the police, after all, were the only citizens who bothered to peer into the van), but Grant fined Jones \$2,000, four times as much as a Met had ever been assessed before, and then had the temerity to make Jones apologize abjectly in public.

Grant, the picture of self-righteousness, hauled Jones, accompanied by his wife, before a press conference so that Jones could confess his sin. "We have to restore the Mets' image," said Grant, who meanwhile was making quite an image of himself. It seemed appropriate to Grant at one point to tell, in the presence of the chastened Joneses, a story about a man who wanted to have 11 women in one night.

The Joneses should not have been subjected to such treatment. Baseball fans should not have been subjected to such a show. It is now Grant's turn to apologize, if he can do it with dignity.

## BUREAUCRACY IN ACTION

This week the spool of red tape goes to the California Interscholastic Federation for allowing a rule to stand that will prevent one of California's best sprinters, Evelyn Ashford of Roseville High School near Sacramento, from competing in the All-State girls' track meet in San Diego next month.

Evelyn, who is 18 and a senior at Roseville, has run the 100 in 10.3, only .3 off the women's world record. Since Roseville does not have a girls' track team, the boys' assistant coach, Don Hicks, invited her to join his team. And that's where the trouble arose. Because she runs with boys, Evelyn is not allowed

by the CIF to run against girls, and since her times do not qualify her for the All-State boys' track meet, she is now ineligible to compete for any state high school championship.

There is another Davis, a younger sister, coming along who is said to be even faster than Evelyn. Perhaps by the time she's ready the CIF will be, too.

## HORSE SENSE

In Great Britain a person who breaks horses is called a horse "gentler." Henry Blake is a 46-year-old farmer in Wales who, after a lifetime of gentling, has written a book called *Talking with Horses*. One section is a dictionary of horse English in which Blake has sorted out 47 messages and 57 submessages from snorts, whickers, whinnies, neighs, squeals and screams and a variety of accompanying horse gestures.

"At first," says Blake, "I concentrated only on the sounds. Then I decided to write down the various messages and work out from observation how a horse conveyed them."

For instance, when a horse rubs you with his nose and whickers gently, or catches your shirt in his mouth and tugs, he is saying "I like you" or "I love you." In fact, according to Blake, horses have 30 different ways of expressing affection, which beats out most humans by at least 25. When two horses meet in a friendly way, "Who are you?" is expressed by a series of snuffs followed by gentle blowing. Harsher blowing means hostility or fear.

Another section of the book is devoted to how to act like a horse. Making a young horse feel secure, says Blake, is accomplished by approaching him slowly, blowing, then gently caressing his side with one's fingertips and, finally, placing one's hand and arm across his back and leaving it there. These movements, he says, simulate the meeting of two horses, their gentle nuzzling and, lastly, the familiar posture when they stand neck over withers.

Like most people who spend their lives near horses, Blake prefers them to humans. "Horses," he says, "are kind, honest, reliable and predictable. None of these virtues are found in human beings."

## PIQUE PERFORMANCES

It was a big week for international displays of bad-tempered tennis. At the British Hardcourt Championships in Bournemouth, Pat Hogan hit a ball over the grandstand roof in anger at a linesman's call. Guillermo Vilas, Argentina's No. 1 player and the tournament's top seed, had to be ordered to finish his opening-round match after protesting a call in the first set. "Our Roger" Taylor, Britain's perennial favorite, walked off the court during a match with Manuel Orantes after three bad calls, and the



Nastase was disqualified by head referee Mike Gibson for "persistent arguing" of line calls during his quarterfinal match against Patrick Proisy of France.

Said Nastase, the roaring Rumanian, "I will not accept a bad call no matter how unimportant the point is. We are playing for money these days."

(One imagines Lenin spinning in his tomb.)

## ELBOW HENDING

The final lecturer at a daylong seminar on sports medicine held at UCLA recently was Mike Marshall, a Ph. D. candidate in kinesiology at Michigan State and, in his other life, the Iron Mike of the Dodgers' pitching staff.

Marshall's topic was "Longitudinal

continued

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Effects of Adolescent Baseball Throwing Injuries" and his passion was vented at the youth programs that pressure young players into weekly pitching assignments, ever greater speed and breaking pitches.

"Over the past 20 years, by using adult rules in children's baseball programs, we have selectively taken the best arms and ruined them," he said. "There is no way that adolescent injuries can be mended. They are handicaps for life."

If Marshall had his way with Little Leaguers, he would rotate their positions every inning. He would also have them pitch to their own team, with each batter getting only two pitches. That way, Marshall feels, every player would learn control and the mechanics of throwing, and most of the stress would be removed from young arms.

To illustrate his point, Marshall and a fellow Michigan State kinesologist, Charles Beach, showed X-ray slides of Marshall's elbow and that of a damaged 15-year-old.

"You can see how clean my elbow joint is compared to his garbage dump," fumed Marshall. "This obviously shows that pitching in 106 games last season didn't damage my elbow because I had a good structure to begin with."

Marshall credits his hardy elbow structure to a bank teller in Adrian, Mich. The teller was a standout pitcher on the teams of Marshall's youth and went on to pitch high school, college and a little pro ball before bone chips finally did him in. Thanks to the talented teller, Marshall didn't get around to any real pitching until he was 21.

"And I didn't throw a screwball until I was 24," he says.

#### EXECUTIVE SWIMMING HOLE

The White House once had a 15' by 50' indoor swimming pool. It was built in 1933 to provide hydrotherapy for Franklin D. Roosevelt with pennies contributed by schoolchildren around the country. In 1969 Richard Nixon had the pool covered over and the space converted into a press room.

Last week, without fanfare, excavation was begun for another White House pool, this one to be 22' by 54' and located on the South Lawn on the site of a mound of earth that was put there by Thomas Jefferson for reasons now lost to history. A swimming pool for President Ford, outdoors but enclosed, was first proposed last fall, but when the cost was es-

timated at \$300,000 he vetoed the project.

This pool, which is supposed to cost \$52,417 plus \$9,000 for landscaping, will be financed by donations from individuals, none to exceed \$1,000, no trade unions or corporations need apply.

"It's not much money when you consider how much we spend on the President's safety," said Assistant Press Secretary Larry Speakes. "And the pool is that important to his health." Ron Nissen added that the pool would be available to future Presidents and their families.

#### VERITAS

Harvard University has chosen its Class Day speaker. On June 11 in Harvard Yard, Muhammad Ali will address the Class of 1975 on "The Intoxication of Life."

#### TRAVELIN' MAN

A Penn State physical education professor and former track coach, John Lucas, went for a 12-mile run last Sunday, from University Park over Tussey Mountain to Whipple's Dam Park, about twice the distance of his normal daily outings. Like most serious runners, Dr. Lucas keeps a log, and those dozen miles were special because they brought his lifetime total to 50,000, or, if you like, twice around the earth.

"When I am running on a highway, all I think about is the enemy—those oncoming tractor-trailers," he says. "A half hour passes very quickly when you fear for your life."

"When I run in the woods I just keep my head down and enjoy nature and enjoy the feeling that running gives my body. Indoors is when I think about the speech I have coming up next week, or how I am going to handle a particular problem."

The 50,000 miles began in 1942 when Lucas was a sophomore in high school and broke his leg playing football. It was a serious compound fracture, and while he was in the hospital recuperating he read so many inspirational stories about athletes who had overcome adversity to become champions that he was soon convinced that since he had an adversity to overcome—the broken leg—it followed that he would become a champion. In pursuit of his goal he ran 600 miles that year, 990 when he was a junior and so on. He overcame the adversity all right, but the championships eluded him.

"Persistence is half the battle, but talent is the rest," says Lucas good-naturedly. "You're only as good as your genes and chromosomes. I never had any talent."

Hard to swallow at 15 maybe, or even 25, but at 47, with 50,000 miles in the log, it doesn't seem so sad.

#### DOWN HOME IN INDIANA

For every decal affixed to the body of an Indy racing machine, some manufacturer has paid dearly. That is how the costly game survives. But on Sunday there is going to be one car in the Indy 500 that will more closely resemble the community bulletin board at your neighborhood A & P than the typical Indy rolling billboard.

Grant King, owner and builder of "The Spirit of Indiana" and an independent, has sold off the surface of his car to anyone who wanted to put a message there. The prices, sealed "to the little guy," range from \$20 for approximately 1½ square inches, enough for a name, to \$500 for a red star on a big map of Indiana on the nose. The project has been a huge success. Everybody from a class of sixth-graders near Anderson, Ind., to the Puragan Speedway in Bloomington wants on, and so far donations have totaled \$15,000.

Just below the left front windshield of The Spirit there is a \$250 space that bears the message, "Did you hear the one about the Chinese mechanic and the Polish sponsor?"

"That took up all the room," said Grant King. "I still don't know the punchline."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Weston W. Adams Jr., president of the Boston Bruins, on why his team is not raising next season's ticket prices: "I think people are paying too much for sports as it is. They know it, but I don't think they think we know it."

• Alex Agase, Purdue football coach, on why he doesn't recruit in California: "Any kid who would leave that wonderful weather is too dumb to play for us."

• Don Brumfield, jockey, when a fan at Keeneland asked him to name a winner: "If I knew what horse would win, I wouldn't be riding. I'd be betting."

• Gordie Howe, asked by a French-Canadian sportswriter if he was bilingual: "All pro athletes are bilingual. They speak English and profanity." **END**

**With all the talk  
about smoking  
I decided I'd  
either quit  
or smoke  
True.**



**I smoke  
True.**



100's Regular: 10 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.  
King/Regular: 11 mg "tar", 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report 3 to 14.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

**The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.**



# A RECORD GOES BUST

*Sprinting away from a classy field in Kingston, Jamaica's Dream Mile, 21-year-old Filbert Bayi of Tanzania broke Jim Ryun's 8-year-old world record to clearly establish that he is the king of the milers* **by RON REID**

It was a world-record performance that defied logic, a set of stopwatch numbers that hardly seem real. Yet it stands there, irrefutable: a 3:51 mile run last Saturday night in Kingston, Jamaica by Filbert Bayi of Tanzania. Bayi broke Jim Ryun's 8-year-old world record of 3:51.1—Ryun also held the second-best mark of 3:51.3, and no one else had ever bettered 3:52—and in so doing triumphed over tactics, training, fatigue and the most formidable field of competitors since the Olympics.

Bayi led wire to wire, opening a gaping lead early, then losing nearly all of it, then opening up again to win by 10 yards. He did it despite a 23-hour plane trip from Africa to Jamaica via Rome, London, Montreal and New York, which landed him in Kingston 48 hours before the race. And he did it despite a heavy workout the day before the meet. Halfway through the race Bayi twisted around in a sort of golfer's follow-through for a look back at his opposition, possibly to see what other traditional rules of running he could violate.

For a middle-distance runner of merely superb ability, any of these factors might have been enough to deny victory, let alone a world record. But the 21-year-old Bayi is extraordinary and he

turned the Dream Mile, as it was billed, into vivid reality for a crowd of 36,000 in sultry National Stadium.

It was somehow suitable that Bayi's remarkable triumph should occur in the International Freedom Games, an itinerant track meet held in memory of Dr. Martin Luther King and promoted by a Philadelphian named Bert Lancaster, who had previously staged it in such widely separated sites as Philadelphia and Oslo. Lancaster is slightly less organized than a Woodstock seating chart, but somehow, year after year, to the envy of rival promoters, he delivers the athletic goods in quality.

For \$7,100 in expense money Lancaster got Bayi, along with two Tanzanian teammates, to come to the Caribbean, and then filled out the field with just about every top miler in the world except New Zealand's John Walker and Kenya's Ben Jipcho, the professional. Running against Bayi were Marty Liquori, the former Villanova star whose best previous mile (3:53.6) had come in the 1973 King Games; Eamonn Coghlan, the young Irishman who is Villanova's current ace; Rick Wohlhuter, the 880-yard world-record holder; Tony Waldrop, the indoor mile world-record holder (3:55); Reggie McAfee, formerly of North Carolina, another sub-four-minute miler; Walter Wilkinson of England; and Sylvan Barrett of Jamaica.

Chances for a scintillating race, pos-

sibly a world record, were heightened when nearly everyone but Bayi and Waldrop said he planned to shoot for a fast time. With this tactics-be-damned attitude came speculation about Bayi's celebrated penchant for front-running, which the others assumed would pull them to their best efforts.

Bayi, however, was secretive. "I don't know whether I will lead or not," he said after he arrived in Kingston and immediately went shopping for record albums. "I know they would like me to go ahead, but I don't know yet what tactics I will use. I will try to watch the pace."

"I don't think Bayi is going to go out and take it," Liquori suggested Saturday morning. "but I don't want the pace to go slow. I'd like to play a part in the pace to keep the race from becoming a real turkey. At this point in the season I would rather get a fast time myself, even using the wrong tactics."

"I wouldn't be surprised if Bayi held back a bit at the beginning," agreed Wohlhuter, fresh from a 1:45.5 half mile the week before. "He has the strength to run either from the front or the back. I'm just hoping that everybody doesn't stay behind and that somebody tries to run the thing out."

"I'd prefer to see Bayi take it out," said Coghlan who had run a 3:56.2 two weeks ago. "So far this season, in any race I've run, I've been out there myself in the lead and I haven't been pulled right

*continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY REINE KLEINMEIER

*Bayi raises his trophy high after adding the mile mark to the 1,600 record he set in 1974.*

from the start. So I'd like him to take it out to get the best out of me. This is going to be the toughest and best mile race I've been in."

Waldrop, whose personal best in the mile outdoors is 3:53.2, thought the same but doubted that he'd be a factor. "I guess I always hedge a little bit," he admitted, "but I don't expect to win by any stretch of the imagination. I think I can get in there and run a good race, but not anywhere near my best one. With my condition the way it is now, I've got to watch the race build and see what happens rather than make it happen."

"The worst part about it," Liguori said, "is you're chasing Bayi and on your shoulder you've got Wohlbuter. To run against them, you've got two different strategies. Which one are you going to use? If you use a strategy that's good against Bayi, you might be playing into Wohlbuter's hands. If you use the right strategy against Wohlbuter, you might be helping Bayi. It's almost like the Olympics. You've got to go out and run your type of race and hope you get to the finish line first."

As it turned out, Bayi did indeed take it out, and he might have fallen victim to either Liguori or Coghlan if the two Villanovans had collaborated more successfully. Bayi jumped off with the gun and had a four-yard lead over Wilkinson after 220 yards. He opened this to 10 yards at the second turn and came through the first quarter in 56.9 with Coghlan (58.9) second, about 15 yards back, Liguori (59.2) sixth and Wohlbuter (59.4) seventh in the eight-man field. After a lap and a half Bayi obviously started to wonder what had happened to his pursuers; as he passed the half-mile mark in 1:56.6 he turned around to look. What he saw was Coghlan moving up, with Liguori a few yards behind. Bayi's lead quickly diminished to two yards. With 600 yards to go Coghlan and Liguori challenged for the lead (*see cover*), but Bayi fought them off with a sudden strong sprint.

"I think Coghlan and I both made a mistake on the third lap," Liguori said later. "Bayi had slowed up noticeably and I yelled at Eamonn to pass him. I think if we had both passed him then, psychologically it would have been good. I think we could have worked it so that it would have been very tough for him to get by us."

But at the three quarters it was still

Bayi (2:55.3), Coghlan (2:55.7), Liguori (2:56.2), and all 36,000 spectators going bananas. In the backstretch of the last lap, with 280 yards left, Bayi again fought off Coghlan's challenge. Then Liguori passed his Irish friend and went after Bayi alone. Bayi put on another burst of speed to hold Liguori off through the turn and into the stretch for his 10-yard margin at the tape.

"In that last lap," Liguori said, "I had some tactical problems. I thought both Coghlan and I were going to beat Bayi, but what happened was, we both began trying to pass him at the same time going around the second-to-last turn. I had to get out in the second lane, and when I tried to go by, Eamonn bumped me with an elbow."

Liguori finally got past Coghlan with 220 yards to go but could not catch Bayi. "I had to run the last turn wide and by the time I got to the straightaway, my legs were just dead," he said. Nonetheless, he finished in 3:52.2, his own best time and the fifth-fastest mile ever run, and neither he nor any of the others could feel truly disappointed. They had all shared in the finest mile race of all time. Coghlan's 3:53.3 set a new Irish and European record and ranks 11th on the all-time list. Wohlbuter, fourth in 3:53.8—

the precise time he said he would win in a pre-race pool conducted by the sports writers—lowered his lifetime best by more than half a second. "The mile will be the death of me," he said. "I keep running better times and getting lower places." Waldrop was fifth in 3:57.7 and McAfee sixth in 3:59.5.

While the mile stole the loudest thunder, the crowd hardly ignored Steve Williams, who in almost any other meet would have been the sensation of the evening. Living up to his newly printed business card which reads, "Steve Williams, world-wide sprinting" and wearing a T shirt emblazoned "Flash," he ran down Houston McTear in the last three yards of the 100 meters to win in a searing 10 seconds flat, passing the 100-yard mark in 9.1 on two watches and 9.2 on another. In the 200 meters Williams was even better, scorching the Chevron-440 track in 19.9, the third fastest of all time.

"I'm down here for business," Williams said on Friday. "I was down here for my vacation in April. I'm down here for business on this trip."

McTear implied the same, especially after he overheard someone in his hotel expressing skepticism about the world-record-equaling 9-flat 100-yard dash. McTear had run the previous weekend in

#### EVOLUTION OF THE MILE RECORD (since 1893)

4:15.6	Tom Connell	Aug. 28, 1895	New York
4:15.4	John Paul Jones	May 27, 1911	Cambridge, Mass.
4:14.4	Jones	May 31, 1913	Cambridge
4:12.6	Norman Taber	July 16, 1915	Cambridge
4:10.4	Praavo Nurmi	Aug. 23, 1923	Stockholm
4:09.2	Jules Ladoumègue	Oct. 4, 1931	Paris
4:07.6	Jack Lovelock	July 15, 1933	Princeton, N.J.
4:06.8	Glenn Cunningham	June 16, 1934	Princeton
4:06.4	Sydney Wooderson	Aug. 28, 1937	Göteborg
4:06.2	Gunder Hägg	July 1, 1942	Lödö, Sweden
4:04.6	Hägg	Sept. 4, 1942	Stockholm
4:02.6	Arne Andersson	July 1, 1943	Göteborg
4:01.6	Andersson	July 18, 1944	Malmö, Sweden
4:01.4	Hägg	July 17, 1945	Malmö
3:59.4	Roger Bannister	May 6, 1954	Oxford, England
3:58.0	John Landy	June 21, 1954	Turku, Finland
3:57.2	Derek Ibbotson	July 19, 1957	London
3:54.5	Herb Elliott	Aug. 6, 1958	Dublin
3:54.4	Peter Snell	Jan. 27, 1962	Wanganui, N.Z.
3:54.1	Snell	Nov. 17, 1964	Auckland, N.Z.
3:53.6	Michel Jazy	June 9, 1965	Rennes, France
3:51.3	Jim Ryun	July 17, 1966	Berkeley, Calif.
3:51.1	Ryun	June 23, 1967	Bakersfield, Calif.
3:51.0	Filbert Bayi	May 17, 1975	Kingston, Jamaica



Going all out from the start, Bayi opened a 15-yard lead on the runners bunched behind him, lost most of it but kicked to win by 10 yards.

the Florida State High School Championships. "That was the first time I heard that," McTear said in slow-spoken resentment. "I don't know who the dude was who said it, but I know I did it and I know I can do it again."

McTear's plans for a 9.9 in the 100 meters were upset when he was called for a false start. Going off somewhat more cautiously, he finished second to Williams in 10.1. The two will meet again in Modesto this Saturday and in the AAU national championships in June.

As for the milers, they should all get another shot at Bayi this summer in Europe, with the possible exception of Waldrop, a graduate student who works 15 hours a week washing test tubes, bottles and beakers in the pharmacology department of the North Carolina School of Medicine. Bayi had received 60 invitations to compete in Europe this summer even before he set his world record. He says he plans to spend 3½ months in Europe but that the number of times he will run the mile and the 1,500 will be reduced in favor of shorter and longer races—800 meters and 5,000 meters, that sort of thing.

Asked if he planned to continue his front-running style, Bayi said, "This is always the first thing someone asks me.

It depends on how I run. It is my own secret. I know what kind of things I have. If I am running fast, I know. And I know when I'm going to be tired."

Asked how he had managed to respond to the challenges of Coghlan and Liquori, he said, "When they came close to me, I bust. I mean I went very fast."

"All in all," said Liquori, "I see what people mean when they talk about running against Bayi. I'm not disappointed. This was the first time I've really trained for a race since this meet two years ago. It makes a difference when you have a goal. I have to admit I was nervous today and that's not as much fun, but sometimes you have to do it."

Coghlan, too, was pleased with his effort. "For the first three quarters," he said, "I felt great, really within myself. The last lap, though, took quite a bit out of me. As soon as I caught Bayi the second time he took off again, and when Marty passed me I lost my confidence a bit. I thought, 'God, he's after going by me so easy.' But it was a great race and I'm really delighted I was part of it. I expected to do this well because yesterday at Villanova, Coach Jumbo Elliott said, 'You're ready for a 3:53,' and I said, 'I think so too.' Jumbo was right, and so was I."

Liquori is looking forward to running against Bayi again, with an eye to lowering the 3:51. "I'd have to say I have a chance at it, after what happened here tonight," he said, "but right now my speed is terrible for the mile. My best 880 is 1:54. If I can get that down to 1:45 at the AAU meet, maybe I'll have a chance to do something."

Then Liquori added, "But the scary part is, I don't know if Bayi was even ready for this race."

Neither Bayi's outdoor races earlier this spring nor his training in Jamaica indicated that he was likely to set a record in his first outdoor mile of 1975. In March he won a 9.5-kilometer cross-country race (about six miles) in 30:18.4, and in April he did 5,000 meters in 13:54. Good times, but nothing sensational. Last Friday he took a few leisurely laps, ran three 600s at a brisk pace, jogged 5,000 meters and then did a mile in a brisk 4:10. "I can't believe he's doing all this," said Wohlhuter. The heavy workout, Bayi explained, was necessary to allay the stiffness from his airplane trip. Obviously, he allayed just fine.

"I wonder what would happen," Coghlan said after the meet, "if he was really pushed."

END



Jackey McHargue, 20, waves in triumph.

**T**he mood of the 100th Preakness at Pimlico last Saturday was sporty all the way. Long before the record crowd of 75,216 began pouring into the Old Hilltop course, horsemen around Barn E—where the Preakness colts were stabled—displayed an extraordinary amount of mutual admiration. John Russell, the engaging young Englishman who trains Singh, seemed to express the prevailing sentiment best. While high on Singh's chances, even though this latter-day son of the great Bold Ruler had never gone beyond a mile and a 16th, Russell said, "In a couple of years I think we'll all look back and say how good this crop of 3-year-olds was. In the Kentucky Derby I thought Foolish Pleasure was the best horse, but even so he beat some fine colts that day. Sure, he may have been lucky, too, but Foolish Pleasure, make no mistake about it, is very, very good. I've never seen a horse accomplish so much and receive so little credit. Even now there are horsemen who believe he is vulnerable."

One outfit that obviously thought so was Golden Chance Farm, owned by Mrs. Robert E. Lehmann, whose late husband won the 1970 Kentucky Derby with Dust Commander. Trainer Smiley Adams thought enough of Master Derby, a son of Dust Commander, to persuade Mrs. Lehmann to ante up \$10,000 to make the colt, who was fourth in the Derby, a supplementary entry in the Preakness. "Master Derby got roughed up a bit in Kentucky and he lost some

# DERBY MASTERS THE PREAKNESS

*The bettors didn't like him, but a solid colt named Master Derby refuted his 23-to-1 odds by upsetting Foolish Pleasure* **by WHITNEY TOWER**

ground," said Adams. "We thought we should give him another chance. A lot of people think he's an off-track horse because of the way he won the Blue Grass in the slop, but this colt has won more often on fast tracks than off-tracks. He's the most honest colt a man ever saw—18 times in the money in 20 races. Any time he runs you've got to beat him. He won't quit on you."

Adams and Mrs. Lehmann spent their \$10,000 wisely, for Master Derby benefited from a cool, professional ride by 20-year-old Darrel McHargue to win the Preakness by a length over 6-to-5 favorite Foolish Pleasure. His time for the 1½-mile race was a modest 1:56½. But, like the 1½-mile Derby two weeks earlier, this Preakness was not without incident. Master Derby opened up a three-length lead leaving the quarter pole, but as he drove through the stretch—and as Foolish Pleasure came around three horses on the turn to challenge him—the Golden Chance colt drifted out nearly to the center of the track. Jacinto Vasquez on Foolish Pleasure had no alternative but to change course and go inside. This he did with no apparent difficulty but nonetheless failed to catch the leader. Vasquez entered a foul claim against McHargue but it was disallowed, the stewards declaring that the winner was far enough ahead of Foolish Pleasure when he drifted out and did not seriously disturb the Derby winner's effort.

Master Derby's backers received a record Preakness payoff of \$48.80 on the 23-to-1 shot, amazingly long odds for a colt with such fine past performances. As the crowd settled back in a mild state of disbelief—it took a few minutes to accept the fact that Foolish Pleasure, for all his heroic efforts, could not now win the Triple Crown—some pre-race strategy talk was recalled. "The early fractions won't be any faster than in the Derby," Foolish Pleasure's trainer, LeRoy Jolley, had said, "but there'll be more contention for the pace. In Louisville you had Bombay Duck out in front all by himself. This

time you'll have Native Guest, Media, Singh and maybe Avatar and Diabolo all out there running for the lead. And I don't think you'll see Foolish Pleasure as far back as he was in the Derby. With the tighter turns and shorter stretch here, nobody can afford to get too far behind."

Trainer Bobby Frankel was on hand with an undefeated colt—in four races—named Native Guest, fresh from a stakes win at a mile at Hollywood Park. Was Frankel worried about the extra distance or the opposition? "Hell, no," he had said. "The horse that was ridden the best won the Derby. Those two California horses [Avatar and Diabolo, who finished second and third] probably moved too soon. I think I've got the best colt in California, and I wouldn't be here if I didn't think he would win." But Native





Guest ran in the Preakness as though it were another mile race and then submitted to fatigue as he faded from first to seventh in the 10-horse field.

When they broke from the starting gate, Native Guest went right to the front, followed by Media, Master Derby and Singh. Foolish Pleasure was away seventh, not far behind Diabolo and Avatar, while Prince Thou Art was dead last. Going up the backstretch, waiting for the leaders to tire, Foolish Pleasure saved ground on the rail, while ahead of him Avatar and Diabolo rolled up into menacing positions just behind the pace. At the mile the real race began. McHargue had never had Master Derby worse than fourth, and as they came to the quarter pole he cracked his colt with the whip. Master Derby responded with a surge that gave him a fat three-length lead with an eighth of a mile to go.

Foolish Pleasure meanwhile had circled the field at the top of the stretch, going wide to make his run, and it is possible that Vasquez, who had good fortune at this stage in his Derby victory (when he went outside Avatar and Diabolo and inside a drifting Master Derby) may have stayed close to the rail a mile

too long. Nothing opened ahead of him, which is why he had to take the long way around. Having to change course again after that to go inside Master Derby was, for once, asking the game Foolish Pleasure to do too much. John Greer, the colt's owner and the most popular member of Knoxville's First Baptist Church since his post-Derby contribution, was philosophical about the defeat. "I look on every race as though we'll probably lose," he had said Friday morning. "In that way each win is more rewarding." After he lost, he said, "It's just one of those things. When you're in racing, this happens."

Trainer Jolley said, "Our colt has had good luck before. He had it in the Wood Memorial and he had it in the Derby. Today it was somebody else's turn. Sometimes you use up the good luck, and you've got to take a bit of the bad."

The win was Master Derby's sixth in nine races this year, and in 21 races he has never been worse than fourth. In picking up the winner's purse of \$158,100, he clearly demonstrated that he is one of the very best 3-year-olds in the country. Diabolo, another impressive colt, was only a length behind Foolish

Pleasure in third place, and trailing him by a length and a half was the fast-finishing Prince Thou Art. After that, in order, came Avatar, Singh, Native Guest, Bold Chapeau, Just the Time and Media. None had a real excuse, although several jocks came back grumbling about the cuppy, deep track. But it was, after all, the same for all of them.

And Belmont's mile and a half will be the same for all of those who elect to show up on June 7. Master Derby returns to his regular Churchill Downs barn this week while Smiley Adams and Mrs. Lehmann decide whether or not to let him show his stuff on Long Island. Foolish Pleasure will almost surely be there, maybe Avatar and Diabolo, too, and probably Prince Thou Art.

Smiley Adams, all smiles, said he wanted time to make up his mind about the Belmont. Even if it took a "best" ride to win the Derby and the Preakness, Adams must know that it takes a combination of best ride and best horse to win the Belmont. "That's what I hear tell," he grinned. Then, patting McHargue with affection, he added, "This jock here, he couldn't have rode him no better than today. What more can I say?" **END**

*Master Derby (#4) drifted wide in the stretch, obliging the fast-closing Foolish Pleasure to shift toward the rail for his late, futile run.*



# NOW COMES FINGER LICKIN' TIME

*Year after year, the Colonels have been ready to chomp on a Kentucky-fried championship and never quite made it. But after three games of the ABA finals they had the Pacers by both drumsticks* by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

Ever since the league started eight years ago with a red, white and blue ball, George Mikan and a lot of whimsy, the Kentucky Colonels have won more American Basketball Association games and dribbled away more playoff opportunities than any other club. They have been the league's premier wait-til-next-year team, always running hard—and sometimes brilliantly—but never making it to a championship. Last week, between dance acts and a fight with the police, the Colonels looked ready to break out. We may not

have them to kick around much longer.

The Colonels arrived at the gateway to respectability with three straight victories over the Pacers in the festive finals of the ABA playoffs. In one short week they all but reduced the Cinderellas from Indiana to pumpkin status again. There remained the problem of winning a fourth game, but on the basis of early returns the computers were serene.

The principal architect of the turnaround was Artis Gilmore, the 7'2" center with the malevolent countenance and docile demeanor. In this series Gilmore

played rough. On Saturday night, in the key third game in Indianapolis, he scored 41 points and had 28 rebounds. No more Mr. Nice Guy. "He was the dominator tonight," said teammate Louie Dampier.

The Colonels were so fired up by their performance that there was a lot of talk in the locker room afterward of challenging the eventual National Basketball Association playoff winner to a \$500,000 series. "The public wants it and television would buy it," said John Y. Brown Jr., who is the league president and husband of the Colonels' chairperson of the Board. "I think we're better. Remember, I'm a guy who bet on Baltimore and gave 17 points when they played the Jets in the Super Bowl."

Kentucky and Indiana never have been the friendliest of basketball neighbors, and the series produced a number of emotional hot spots. Fans from both clubs shuttled the 120 miles up and down Interstate 65 to attend the games, many of them bearing inflammatory placards. Each team brought in new sideline dance acts. And one player, Kevin Joyce of Indiana, was almost arrested. A policeman said Joyce swung at him after the second game's wild finish when a half-court shot by teammate Billy Keller was disallowed because time had run out. The Pacers protested the game, but it seemed unlikely that the league's new commissioner, Dave DeBusschere, would upset the ruling. In any case, he was off in Las Vegas playing in a celebrity tennis tournament. It is sort of late in the year for basketball.

With its mania for innovation, the ABA often looks as if it were straining for effect. One team used to have girls in bikinis on the sidelines. The latest fad is that everyone can dance. Several teams have cheerleaders à go-go, and during their second-round playoff upset of Denver the Pacers unveiled Dancing Harry, an itinerant team mascot. For the open-



*Kentucky's Dampier (left) mixed it with Joyce not long before Joyce mixed it with the cops.*

ing of the final series in Louisville on Tuesday night Kentucky countered with Colonel Super Fly. Super Fly was 13-year-old Michael J. Tolliver, who made the clothes-conscious Dancing Harry seem shabby by comparison. He showed up in a gleaming white suit, hat, gloves, shoes and cape. Besides that, he had youth on his side, displaying footwork, tumbles and splits that his panting rival could not match. Humbled, Harry slunk around the sidelines and cast baleful gazes at the youngster, trying unsuccessfully to win back the crowd by spinning a basketball on his fingertips.

Indiana Coach Bobby Leonard was not in the mood for dancing, either. The press dubbed him the best seventh-game playoff coach in basketball because he is 6-2 in them. But after Kentucky mauled Indiana 120-96 in the opener Tuesday, Leonard and his team looked to have as much chance of making a comeback as the Nehru jacket. Leonard sealed the locker room doors and let loose with some choice invective. When he played pro ball during the sport's poverty period, even the stars drove used Fords and counted their change. The water boys have imported sports cars now, but Leonard still clings to the old school. His mien is that of a Marine drill instructor. Grumpily, he scheduled a practice for 10 a.m. Wednesday and started holding team meetings every couple of hours.

His biggest problem was Gilmore. The Colonels' looming center had bottled up Indiana's inside game, intimidating Darrell Hillman and rookie Billy Knight. In the series against Denver, Pacer star George McGinnis was able to siphon off the Nuggets' defense and pass to Hillman or Knight underneath, but Gilmore, in tandem with forward Dan Issel, blunted that tactic.

The big fellow always could play defense, but his offensive moves often resembled a man trying to learn ballroom dancing with his shoes on backward. When Coach Hubie Brown took over the Colonels this season he worked with Artis during fall practice, running him through many of the agility drills used by Kareem Abdul-Jabbar when Brown was the Milwaukee Bucks' assistant coach. "All the hard work we did then is paying off now," says Gilmore. He also

was complimentary about Brown's meticulous organization, calling the team's playbook "the Book of Knowledge." Brown's assistant, Stan Albeck, keeps charts of every play of every game, and the coaches analyze the material like CPAs looking for tax deductions.

Brown and Albeck had the right answer again for the second game on Thursday night. They set up Gilmore for a short hook shot with two seconds remaining, and he swished it through for a 95-93 victory. The Pacers got the ball in-bounds, and Keller let fly a three-point 46-foot shot that Referee Ed Rush disallowed. "I looked up at the clock and saw zeros just as he started up with the ball," said Rush. The referees were being hurried off the floor by a phalanx of policemen when some shoving ensued. For a time the cops stood guard outside the Indiana locker room, waiting for Joyce to appear and ready to arrest him for hitting an officer, but finally all they demanded was an apology plus a new hat for one of the policemen whose old one had been damaged in the scuffle. "They were going to put me in the slammer," said Joyce, a mite smugly.

The Colonels were also getting a lot of unexpected help from reserve Forward Marv Roberts, which was like finding money in the pocket of an old jacket. A six-point scorer during the regular season, the veteran made 19 and 16 points in the first two games. And on Saturday night he had 11 points in 15 minutes during the first half.

The third game also came down to the final five minutes, and once again Gilmore was superb, scoring nine points in that span. Two of his baskets came on dunks, another on a layup but the fourth was a double pump shot that a player two feet shorter would have been hard pressed to duplicate. Somehow, Brown had taught Gilmore to dance, too.

Assuming they will go on to dispose of the Pacers—and if you can stomach the idea that a series with the NBA Champions might not be over till the Fourth of July—it would be interesting to find out if the Colonels are as good as they think they are. The ABA has been calling the NBA chicken for years. And you know what a Colonel does with chickens. He fries 'em.

END



Gilmore dunks one exultantly in Game 3.

# POETRY IN MOTION

*Though some deride the Cubs' early foot, a versatile pitcher answers the unbelievers with rhyme and reason*

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

**I**t is midafternoon in Wrigley Field, and several dozen Chicago schoolchildren are sitting together in the stands, waving their arms and shouting, "We want out! We want out!"

Well, it is understandable. Wrigley is a salutary place in the spring, with the ivy on the outfield walls just turning green and the real biological grass nice and thick on the field and the sunlight pouring down unimpeded by apparatus for artificial illumination. But anyone familiar with the tradition of Chicago National League baseball—an inheritance of day games, rowdy bleachers and recurrent despair—can sympathize readily enough with these children, who evidently have been dragooned into going out and breaking their young hearts rooting for the Cubs, when they could be in class safely diagramming sentences.

But no! Wait! Correction. The children are not yelling "We want out!" They are yelling "We want *aw* out!" And

*Pitcher-Poet Steve Stone, heretofore no big deal, has become the Cubs' abject starter.*



what's more they are getting it. Rick Reuschel, the Cubs' heavily stomached starter, is setting down the final splashily outfitted Astro (the new Houston uniforms appear to have been dipped into mustard, ketchup and other gaudy sauces) in a 4-2 Chicago victory last week. The children are whooping and holding up a bedsheet banner that says "Happiness Is Being a Cub Fan."

What a notion. But the fact is, it makes sense. The Cubs, who last year finished firmly at the bottom of their division, are in first place now, and for much of the season they have had the best winning percentage in the majors. Gone are such established luminaries as Ferguson Jenkins, Ron Santo, Billy Williams, Randy Hundley and Glenn Beckert, but solid people remain: Rick (Road Apple) Monday, Don (Road Apple) Kessinger, Jose (Junior) Cardenal. And a bunch of new, largely unheard-of Cubs are acting confident and aggressive, including a poet-pitcher and a reserve third baseman who has eaten a Texas grasshopper.

It must be said that "Wrigley's Believe It Or Not" is a phrase being used in Chicago by cautious observers. Will the Cub bubble burst?

"The Cubbies're beautiful," cried a fat man named Vern in the center-field bleachers last week.

"The Cubbies're often beautiful," said a fat man next to him named Chuck, "this time of year."

"These're not the Cubbies we know," noted Vern.

"Yet," countered Chuck.

But let us not dwell on the past. Steve Stone's lifetime won-lost record through 1974, with the Giants, White Sox and, last year, the Cubs, was 25-34. This year he is 5-0, with an ERA of 1.02. His poetry has been carried by such diverse media as the *National Jewish Monthly* and the UPI wire. In *Memories* he comes out for living in the present.

*Every once in a while our minds wander  
to bygone days of yesteryear . . .  
The hours of loneliness are forgotten  
because we are pleasure orientated  
and memories are always sweeter . . .  
But we must never go back because  
imagination knows no time and reality  
is harsh enough to spoil the best of  
events . . .*

*Let's talk and remember and laugh  
and cry; let's not relive, but  
live life every new day because*



Young Pete LeCock heads toward first base, a position he has occupied handsily as a fill-in.

*soon enough, everything will be past  
and all we'll have are the memories.*

Stone is one of the Cubs who spoke out in a team meeting toward the end of spring training, calling for a go-getting attitude. "The press was saying we'd be lucky to finish in the National League," he says. "We decided not to let the media bury us. We had nothing to lose and everything to gain." With that attitude the unbanned Cubs seem hungry and eager for work; it is a pleasure to watch them attacking the ball and taking flyers on the bases. "We don't have one Big Boomer to fall back on for a lot of runs," says Stone. "We're going to basically have to steal a lot of games."

Monday, who is batting .346 and whose matured cleanup and center-field skills, whose forthrightness and hustle make him as valuable as most any Bomber, does not seem a likely thief, but he set the team's brazenly scrounging tone in the second game of the year by scoring the winning run from second on a sacrifice fly. In Stone's fifth victory, 2-1 over Houston, the Cubs' runs were scored by Third Baseman Bill Madlock's dash home on a passed ball which skipped only a few feet from home plate and by Kessinger's clever sudden jump off third which startled the Houston pitcher into a balk. "We've just

decided," says Kessinger, "if we're going to get beat we're going to get beat getting after somebody."

Something which helped the Cubs get after the Cardinals, against whom they are 4 and 1, was Card Reliever Al Hrabosky's calling them "Teddy Bears" in an interview. "That allowed us an avenue of possibly a little extra adrenaline flowing," says Monday. Not wanting to give Hrabosky such an avenue, the Cubs make it a point to say what a fine pitcher he is, but they take great relish in having beaten him in the club's first meeting. Last year a brawl grew out of Madlock's refusal to stand in the batter's box while Hrabosky, as is his custom, turned his back to the plate for long self-communing moments. Then the Cubs cost St. Louis a chance to win the division pennant by losing to Pittsburgh on a dropped third strike the last day of the season. It should be a fine rivalry between the Cubs and Cards this year.

In 1974 Madlock hit .313 without attracting much notice. He is again hitting over .300 and is also winning affection from Cub fans with his fielding and base running. Second Baseman Manny Trillo, acquired in the off-season from Oakland in the Billy Williams trade, is batting .301 and turning lots of double plays, which the Cubs had been hurting for. In a sense

—Frederick

Trillo is more than one person. His full name is Jesus Manuel Trillo-Marciano, and playing winter ball back home in Venezuela he is known as Jesus Marciano. And then there are the two stars with the same nickname. For reasons of their own, roommates Monday and Kessinger call each other "Road," short for "Road Apple." Many of their teammates are too new to have learned that Kessinger's long-time nickname among the old Cubs was "Pete," dating back to his first big-league at-bat when he was mistakenly announced as Pete Kessinger.

If the Cubs keep on winning, these irregularities of nomenclature will doubtless be straightened out, or complicated further, by the media. And the fact that few people outside Chicago have heard of most of the Cubs—for instance, Right-fielder Jerry Morales, batting .282 with 20 RBIs—will be rectified.

The team's credibility as a first-place club is bolstered somewhat by the number of former Oakland A's on the roster. Besides Manny-Jesus, these refugees include Monday, reserve Outfielder John

Summers, Catcher Tim Hosley and Relievers Bob Locker and Darold Knowles. Knowles and journeyman Oscar (Z) Zamora have been particularly strong in relief, which is a good thing because starters Reuschel, Ray Burris and Bill Bonham have performed unevenly. "Our starters fall into the category of improvement," says Manager Jim Marshall, who is in his first full year as a big-league pilot and who looks something like Gene Hackman. That the starters need to improve would seem to be the thrust of Marshall's remark. Against Houston last week Burris fell into the category of a five-run hole while failing to finish the first inning. The Cubs eventually lost that game 11-7, but they kept trying to make a contest of it. "The Cubs're chipping away," said the fans to one another. "The Cubs aren't dying."

Knowles feels that the infusion of A's—"guys who know what it's like to win"—has helped the Cubs' attitude, and the ex-A's tend to see their new team in sharp contrast to the old one. "Here everybody's pulling for each other," says Summers. "The last time I struck out for Oakland I felt like my world had dropped from under me. I came back to the bench and maybe somebody said something but most of them looked away. Here, everybody's patting you, saying, 'Hey, tomorrow.'"

"On this team," says Monday, "I can get on a young player for not running something out and he won't take it wrong. Not like the other team."

Indeed there seems to be an atmosphere of bubbly good nature around the Cubs, as if they haven't realized yet the terrible pressures of being Eastern Division leaders. "I'm losing my hair," Coach Jim Saul exclaimed suddenly last week, "but I don't care. My wife still loves me, and I can still hit fungoes."

Some of the Cubs even make conscious efforts to spread their cheer into the stands. Cardenal, a longtime crowd pleaser, is hitting .336 and endearing himself to left-field bleachers by such antics as holding out his cap and pretending to drink from it, in order to persuade the umpires to call a rainy game. Back-up Third Baseman Ron Dunn—who like Summers and former Twin George Mitterwald has hit with authority when he has played—puts on a little show for the fans just before each game in Wrigley. The organist plays *The Entertainer* and Dunn, using two bats and a catcher's mitt

as props, stands out by the bullpen and simulates playing a flute, a trombone, a tuba, a banjo and bagpipes.

"Duffy" is what the Cubs call Dunn. "I got to know Ron in Midland, Texas," says Peter LaCock Jr., who was, in Stone's phrase, "a spare part" when the season opened but stepped in effectively at first base when Andy Thornton got hurt. LaCock looks like Peter Marshall, the host of TV's *Hollywood Squares*, which makes sense because LaCock is the son of Marshall, who changed his name for Hollywood. LaCock attracted public notice last year in the minors by apparently throwing a baseball at the governor of Colorado, who was sitting in the stands. LaCock says he wasn't really throwing at the governor—he didn't even know the governor was there—but at the official scorer, with whom he had a disagreement. And he wasn't really trying to hit the official scorer, just trying to scare him.

Anyway, LaCock and Dunn got to know each other as teammates in Midland. "Once we got grasshoppered out," says LaCock. "The grasshoppers were so thick in the air that after each pitch there would be a long line of dead grasshoppers between the mound and the plate. Dunn ate a grasshopper."

Dunn is called over. "Did you really eat a grasshopper?" he is asked.

"Well . . . for money," he answers. "First I ate the wings, to build the betting up. Then I swallowed the rest all at once."

"Didn't it wiggle in your mouth?" "No, it didn't have room. I had a chew of tobacco in there."

LaCock, a choosier eater, enjoys being a Cub. "We like each other," he says.

Which calls to mind Stone's poem, *Friend*, which goes in part:

*To define our friendship would be  
ludicrous, but the intangible feeling  
is everpresent.*

Stone wrote that poem while he was a Giant. Its publication, he says, caused a San Franciscan to write him and say he was going to come out to the games at Candlestick for the first time, "because the poem made him feel there must be something out there."

So far this year there is definitely something out there at the Cubs' park. As Stone says, in an offhand remark, not a poem, "Everything's rosy in Wrigley."

END

Jose Cardenal takes a back seat to no one.

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Armed with his trusty legal pad, a snippet of Beatles philosophy and a Westernized Russian tactical plan, Philadelphia Flyer Coach Fred Shero created the prototypes of future NHL teams *by MARK MULVOY*

## ***HOCKEY'S ECLECTIC WIZARD***



As far as the Philadelphia Flyers know, their enigmatic coach, Fred Shero, actually does hate ice cream and thinks that beer is the real breakfast of champions. Shero, in fact, is such a heretic that he is the only soul around Philadelphia who will publicly admit to preferring the Beatles to Kate Smith. The Flyers reverently call him "Anatoli" because Shero professes to be a latter-day disciple of Anatoli Tarasov, the father of hockey in the Soviet Union. At the same time they irreverently call him Freddie the Fog because behind those photo-gray bifocals, that Fu Manchu mustache and those early-American *bandolero* clothes, Shero indeed seems to be living somewhere offshore in a pea-souper. By any name, though, Shero has molded the Flyers in his image, operating on the tenets that 1) Baloney baffles brains; 2) An aphorism a day keeps defeat away; 3) All players should not be treated equally; and 4) The best weapon in hockey is a yellow legal pad. Whatever. Under Shero, Philadelphia won the Stanley Cup in 1974 and could well make it two in a row this year. Somewhere in that fogbank someone knows where he is going and it is Shero's hand on the tiller.

Witness Shero last week when the Flyers finally rubbed out the pesky New York Islanders in the seventh game of their semifinal Stanley Cup series and then rode Bernie Parent's spectacular goaltending and Shero's foolscap carpet to victory in the first two games of the cup finals against the Buffalo Sabres.

Early in the week, having just lost three straight games to the phoenix-like Islanders, the Flyers were understandably quiet and depressed as they skated out for what could have been their final practice of the season. But black armbands?

"What're they for?" Shero snapped.

"The guys are in mourning because Remy's burned down last night," said Captain Bobby Clarke.

For the Flyers, losing Remy's, their preferred watering hole across the Walt Whitman Bridge in New Jersey, was almost as traumatic as losing the three games to the Islanders. Considering the gloomy mood of his teammates, Clarke suggested to Shero that the Flyers spend the night in seclusion at a motel in Valley Forge. Reluctantly, Shero approved. "Montreal always hides in the mountains before big games but all the players ever do is stare at each other," Shero said. "What good is that? Why run away

from people? I'd rather take them into the heart of traffic, let them see the girls and relax. I've told players to do that before. Oh, well, if they want to be out at Valley Forge, I'll be with them. Besides, it's a free meal."

On the day of the final game against the Islanders, the Flyers lounged around the motel, listened to some of Kate Smith's *Goldies but Older* album, hummed *God Bless America* and wondered aloud: Will she or won't she? Will Kate the Great arrive just before game time in Owner Ed Snider's limousine, take to the ice, sing *God Bless America*, collect her \$5,000 fee and then cheer the Flyers to another victory? Or will she do it on tape? In living color Kate the Great had a perfect record: undefeated, untied and unscored upon in two appearances, including a cup-winning 1-0 decision over Boston a year ago. On tape she had a 40-3-1 record.

Shero feigned outrage at the suggestion that Kate the Great was a seventh skater. "If she really means that much," he grumbled, "I think we ought to put her on the payroll. I like the song, but it won't put the puck in the net." Shero was sitting behind a stack of books in his cubbyhole office off the Flyers' dressing room, below a sign that read: "O, the despair of Pygmalion, who might have created a statue and only made a woman." Shero is very big on aphorisms. Before each Philadelphia game, home or road, big or ordinary, he pores through books, selects a particularly pointed sentence or phrase and then chalks it onto a green blackboard for the edification of his players. For the Islanders, he flooded the small board with three messages:

- "Only he deserves power who every day justifies it."—Dag Hammarskjöld.
- "When I find myself in time of trouble, there's a light that shines on me . . . shines until tomorrow . . . let it be."—The Beatles.
- "Success requires no explanation. Failure presents no alibis."—Coach Fred Shero.

Although Shero would never admit it, the Hammarskjöld quotation was clearly aimed at Rick MacLeish, a talented center who performs either sensationally or dismally. As the Flyers and Islanders faced off for Game Seven, MacLeish's dismal efforts led his sensational ones 4-2; in fact, Clarke had even called MacLeish to his motel room for a private bowling-out earlier in the day. MacLeish

obviously got both messages. Skating furiously, he swooped around, over and through the Islanders for three goals as the Flyers scored an easy 4-1 victory to advance into the finals.

While the Flyers went off in search of a back-up Remy's, Shero retreated into his cubbyhole with Assistant Coaches Mike Nykoluk and Barry Ashbee, a dozen reels of what he calls "fil-lum" and, of course, his trusty yellow pad. The problem was not so simple: the Philadelphia brain trust had to devise a way to stop Buffalo's French Connection line of Center Gilbert Perreault and Wingers Richard Martin and Rene Robert. Last year Shero and Nykoluk devised a stop-Bobby Orr maneuver that befuddled the Bruins in the final series. Rather than try to isolate Orr from the puck, which at the time was a standard stratagem against the Bruin defenseman, the Flyers repeatedly forced Orr to handle the puck by shooting it down his side of the ice, then harassing him with three checkers. "We knew Orr always played about 45 minutes a game," Shero said. "What we wanted to do—and what we did—was tire him."

For the French Connection, Shero outlined a two-part plan on his magic pad. First of all, he ordered his centers to harass Perreault unmercifully. "How do you check the fastest and shiftest center in the game?" Shero asked. "Well, you force him out of his funnel, get him out and away from the center of the ice. You maneuver him against the boards, onto the traffic—and then you seal up his escape routes. You try, anyway." The key part of Shero's plan, though, was much like his anti-Orr strategy: wear out the Connection by quick line changes.

Shero's plan became operative the moment Perreault, Martin and Robert skated out Thursday night for their first shift in Game One. The Connection was on the ice for exactly 97 seconds, and during that time Shero threw three different lines at them. On their next shift of 106 seconds, the Connection faced another three lines. And those line changes were done s-b-o-w-l-y, also according to Shero's design. "We wanted to disrupt any momentum they might have been building up," Clarke said. Following orders, the Philadelphia centers, particularly Clarke, played Perreault navel to navel, tattooing his midsection with their sticks—semilegally, of course—and preventing him from playing his flashy game.

*continued*

Shero was naturally elated with the success of his plan, even though Martin scored the only Buffalo goal in Philadelphia's 4-1 victory. "Buffalo outshot us 8-2 and 14-8 the first two periods," he said, "but we did what we wanted to do: we stopped their big guys. If they think they outplayed us those first two periods, they're stupid."

Apprised of Shero's last remark, Clarke broke out with a grin. "Freddie, you know, is one of the great put-people-on artists in the world."

"I like to have a different answer for everyone," Shero later confirmed.

Unfortunately, Shero's gruff facade and his frequent displays of verbal dexterity—along with Philadelphia's belligerent playing style—have obscured the fact that he is the best tactician in hockey. Now 49, Shero coached in the minor leagues for 13 years, mostly in the New York Rangers organization, and finished below second place only twice. However, the Rangers never offered him an NHL coaching job, obviously realizing that Shero does not tolerate interference from the front office. Ironically, the same Rangers have now hired Ron Stewart in the hope that

he can coach with Shero's ability.

"My first job as a coach was in Shawinigan Falls, Quebec," Shero says. "I knew why they gave the job to a rookie the minute I met my players. They were the castoffs, the hopeless cases, the very worst players owned by the Montreal Canadiens. But we all joined forces. We lived, fought, played and drank together—and we won together."

At Shawinigan, Shero also learned Rule No. 1 for coaching success: always carry a beer can opener. "The sign of the minor-league is a beer can," he said. "We'd get on a bus after a game, reach for the beer and then cut ourselves to pieces trying to open the cans. I still carry an opener with me because you never know when you'll get one of the old-fashioned cans instead of a flip-top."

One afternoon Shero was walking around Shawinigan and stopped in a drugstore to buy razor blades. When the attractive teen-age salesgirl asked Shero what he wanted, he said, "I love you. We're going to get married." About three months later they did, and if you believe Shero—a master of the semantic shuffle, remember—he hasn't told Mariette "I love you" since. "She knows I love her,"

he says. "I know women like to hear it, but I feel like I'm giving her a lot of doubletalk when I say it."

Shero became a disciple of the Russian school of hockey while coaching at St. Paul in the mid-1960s. "Anatoli Tarasov's book became my bible," he says. "I've read it at least 100 times. Even now I still don't know all there is to coaching. I'm still learning, which is why I went to Russia for a coaching clinic last summer. At least I realize I don't know everything. Trouble is, most coaches don't know—and certainly won't admit—that they don't know everything about coaching. We have all these meetings here in the NHL, and all the coaches are at them, but we never meet in the same room at the same time. What we ought to have are coaches' seminars where we can exchange ideas and discuss methods." He shrugs his shoulders. "I guess enough people aren't interested."

Once Shero, a onetime defenseman, began to read and grasp Tarasov, he gradually altered the style of his minor league teams, converting them from ad-lib shooting clubs into fine-honed units that followed a definite "system" at all times. "When I came to Philadelphia in 1971," Shero says, "I forgot about my system because I had too much respect for big-league players. After all, I hadn't been in the NHL for about 20 years, and even then I only played for less than three years." Shero's first team in Philadelphia missed the playoffs in the final four seconds of the regular schedule. "I could think of a million excuses," he says, "but late in the summer I realized these were the same type of men I had coached in the minors and that I should coach them the same way."

Technically speaking, the Philadelphia system is simple, and in truth varies from versions adopted by the New York Islanders and the Los Angeles Kings only in that the Flyers have Parent and Clarke. "There are four corners in a rink," Shero says, "although a lot of players don't realize it, and there are two pits, one in front of each net. To win a game, you've got to win the corners and the pits. You give punishment there, and you take it, which is why we have more fights than most teams. Once we are on the move with the puck, no defenseman can be more than one zone—or two stick-lengths—behind the puck carrier. In other words, once Clarke gets to center ice, I want Ed Van Impe, say, at the blue

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAR SALUSTI



FLYERS VAN IMPE AND PARENT TEAM UP IN "THE PIT" AGAINST ISLANDER JIM LORANTZ

line. When Clarke reaches the far blue line, I want Van Impe at the red line. Once Clarke is 10 feet inside the zone, Van Impe must be stationed at the point."

The second aspect of the system is partly a product of Shero's mind—the idea of short shifts for his players—and partly the unit system of five-player substitutions that Tarasov perfected in Russia. "I want my players to skate like hell and then get off the ice," Shero says. "If they're on for even a minute, that can be too long." At practices, Shero spends the first 45 minutes working on moving the puck out of his team's defensive zone. Once he is satisfied he allocates only about 20 minutes to plays in the offensive end. His workouts are devoid of routine, and Shero occasionally cancels hockey practice completely and conducts a badminton tournament instead.

"Man for man, I don't think we are among the top five teams in the NHL," he says. "Collectively, I think—I know—we are the best. Why? Because we execute the system." Philadelphia's success with the system style of hockey, along with the emergence of the Islanders and the Kings as winning teams, is prompting some of hockey's old-line thinkers to reevaluate their game plans. Montreal's Scotty Bowman intends to install systemized hockey next year at the expense of the Canadiens' speed skating and shoot-shoot-shoot tradition. The Boston Bruins, who generally play both Orr and Phil Esposito a minimum of 40 minutes per game, have been so impressed with Philadelphia's success that they ordered Esposito to interrupt a Florida vacation and make a trip to the Spectrum to scout the way Clarke and the other Flyers centers work. "That's how Phil's going to play—about 80 seconds per shift, not three minutes," says Boston Managing Director Harry Sinden.

Shero reflected on his system one day last week. "It destroys me when I see someone like Orr having the puck all night," he said. "I ask, 'Is this a team game? Or is this golf or tennis?' Orr is a great player, sure, but you've got to get players to use their talents for the good of everyone. You've got to get them to fit into a pattern. Of course, some teams don't have a pattern, but that's their fault."

Quite obviously, if one stays around Shero long enough for the fog to burn off, his course becomes clear. **END**

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## WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROAM

Miles upon miles of bicycle paths are fanning out in Oregon, land of  
homemade laws and freewheeling spirits **by ROBERT CANTWELL**

Along with wheat and forest products, laws are one of the major exports of Oregon. The state is fertile ground for legislative ideas. American voters in general say, "The government ought to do something," but in Oregon folks say, "We ought to do something to the government." It is a land of close votes, of great expectations, of bold experiments and partial accomplishments, of reforms that are praised abroad but often bog down at home.

In the 1840s, when the covered wagon emigrants set up a makeshift government, they passed a law under which any married man able to drive four stakes in the ground could claim a square mile of land. This legislation was one of the forerunners of the Homestead Act, which led to the settling of the West, but in Oregon it led to so many disputes over boundary lines that the family histories of the old aristocracy can usually be traced through the court records of their suits for fraud.

Nowadays, when the citizens of the state are not

fishing, or dedicating historic sites and campgrounds, or attending hearings to protect the environment, they are settling down with volumes of the *Oregon Laws* and dreaming up ingenious new measures.

One of Oregon's many legislative innovations is the initiative and referendum, which enables voters to put their own laws on the ballot if the legislature refuses to act. All that is required for a referendum is a petition signed by 4% of those who voted in the last gubernatorial election; for an initiative, 6%. Initiative and referendum was a nationwide sensation when Oregon adopted it in 1902, and 21 other states eventually followed suit, but at times the Oregon electorate generated less than earthshaking reforms. One early piece of legislation that voters got on the ballot by their own initiative was a bill outlawing passes on railroads. Enthusied by the prospect of passing their own laws, Oregon voters pressed on, coming up with acts increasing the bounty on jackrabbits, legal-



izing slot machines and regulating the sale of oleomargarine.

Prodded by Oregon's creative electorate, in 1971 the state legislature passed House Bill 1700, the first of its kind anywhere. The law provides that the state highway department must spend a minimum of 1% of all gasoline-tax money—1% of all highway revenue generally—building bicycle and pedestrian paths. The Oregon gasoline tax is 7¢ a gallon, on top of the federal tax of 4¢ a gallon (and the federal tax, of course, ultimately returns to the state). Oregon motorists buy about a billion gallons of gasoline a year. From this, one would assume that there is, or should be, or soon will be, enough money to build bicycle paths from Oregon to Rarotonga.

Bills modeled on HB 1700 have been introduced into the legislature of at least 30 other states, and the Oregon law is held by cyclists to be only a little less epochal than Magna Carta. But there is an old problem having to do with Oregon: you can export its laws, but not the people, the climate or the background that produced them. They do not work elsewhere as they do at home. In fact, even at home they often do not work the way they are supposed to.

The bicycle bill squeaked through the legislature in the midst of an environmental uprising that centered on the more famous bottle bill. This measure—also passed and exported and subsequently considered in several states—requires beer and

soft drinks to be sold in returnable containers.

Why the bike bill got the backing of the legislators is a puzzle. Perhaps the politicians saw the way antipollution laws were going and appreciated the argument that there were no exhaust fumes from bicycles to befoul the moist Oregon air. Perhaps it passed because nobody expected that it would. Nine Representatives and one State Senator originally decided to back the bicycle bill, whose unique feature was that it compelled the highway department to build the paths whether it wanted to or not. So HB 1700 was passed and signed by former Governor Tom McCall on the seat of a bicycle, the seat then being shipped to the Bicycle Museum on New York's Staten Island. That done, state officials realized nobody in the Oregon highway department knew anything about bicycle paths. This lack of expertise prevailed not only in the state but in the nation. However, one city in the U.S.—Davis, Calif.—could provide a building plan.

In January 1972 an Oregon delegation visited Davis. Almost everyone in that city owns a bicycle and pays an annual \$2 license fee for it. There are 22,000 registered bicycles in this farm-and-college city of 32,000. Much of the traffic consists of bicycles. At the corner of Third and F Streets, a busy intersection during rush hours, the ratio of bicycles to cars is 8 to 1. Davis' growth began in the late '50s, after the University of California's agricultural college branch was turned into a lib-

continued



eral arts college. Bicycles became so numerous they virtually forced automobiles off the streets. Some of Davis' streets happen to be extremely wide. It was possible to park cars and run bicycle paths between the sidewalks and the parked cars. These paths proved to be so safe and convenient that a citywide system of bicycle paths was constructed.

Only one automobile-bicycle accident has occurred in a bike lane in the 11 years of Davis' bicycle-path system, which now extends for some 16 miles. One reason for this record is the rigorous enforcement of automobile traffic regulations: complete stops at stop signs and tickets for drivers going 26 mph in 25 mph zones. A uniformed cop mounted on a 10-speed bike hands out tickets to speeding cyclists as well.

The Oregon delegation decided that the Davis program depended too much on unique local conditions to be applicable to Oregon. So the highway department hurriedly built a number of short paths in widely separated locations, using highway maintenance crews when they were not working at their regular jobs. Counters were placed on some of the paths to determine how often they were used. A questionnaire was sent to 600 bicyclists asking why they rode: For touring? For recreation? To save money? (Sixty-nine percent replied that they rode for exercise.) Ten thousand copies

were mailed to names selected at random by a computer. "A silly questionnaire," huffed the *Eugene Register-Guard*, noting that many of the respondents undoubtedly didn't own bikes.

After the first rains the asphalt surfaces of the bike paths were cracked, broken, washed out or covered with mud. "A pretty lousy deal," said Les Anderson, the mayor of Eugene (pop. 79,000), who had been swept into office with the enthusiastic support of the city's 40,000-odd bicycle owners. "A waste of money," said others.

Still, by the time the 1973 Oregon legislative session opened, the highway department had completed or had under construction about 100 miles of bike-ways.

The legislature answered its critics by setting up the Bicycle Advisory Committee to oversee the program. The eight-member committee goes from town to town holding hearings that last from 10 in the morning until 10 at night. A kind of game is involved, absorbing but entirely serious, which anyone with a bicycle and a map of Oregon can play. You mark where you think a bicycle path should be built and try to get the state to build it there. "I have this fantasy bicycle path in my mind," said a young man at a hearing in Eugene. Asked to step closer to the microphone, he said his name was Skeeter Duke. He wore a red-checked shirt and brown corduroy trousers, and had the nervously determined air of a man about to reveal his private fantasies. "Yes, Mr. Duke!" said a committee member sympathetically.

"I would like to see a bicycle path built from Eugene down to the coast at Florence," said Skeeter Duke.

As fantasies go, this was one even a part-time bicyclist could appreciate. If such a path should be built it would run westward from the city of Eugene and the University of Oregon, through level farmlands, past some good fishing sites on Fern Ridge Reservoir, and enter the low mountains of the Coast Range.

There it would thread through narrow valleys, with timbered slopes on both sides so steep that even the trees seem to remain upright in defiance of the law of gravity. After passing at least three campgrounds in 60 miles, the path would come out of the woods into tidewater and the little town of Florence, the only community in an expanse of 100-foot-high sand dunes and dunes-locked lakes—a desolate, windswept but livable region, immense breakers pounding the shore, offshore rocks inhabited by sea lions, a country at once drenched and arid, as though the Sahara had unaccountably commingled with the coast of Maine. At Florence the fantasy bicycle path would connect with a genuine roadway, U.S. 101, the Coast Highway, which is to have—eventually—a bicycle path along its entire 348 Oregon miles.

"My name is Carolyn Hall," said a little redheaded girl wearing a blue sweater and a green skirt. "I am 12 years old. I am a sixth-grade student at Ellis Parker Elementary School in Eugene." To prepare for the hearing, the students of her class had taken a bicycle apart and reassembled it. They then rode their bicycles over a new path, five miles long, by the Willamette River. The path runs through a park leading to fishing spots, picnic tables, thickets of brush and alder populated with birds, cottonwood and beech trees and glimpses of the rapids of the river. A bridge for bicycles and pedestrians arches over the 200-foot-wide river to the University of Oregon campus. The path is a favorite training ground for the university's distance runners, and is beloved by bird watchers, elderly hikers and cyclists. Rounding a turn one may meet a gathering of bird watchers transfixed by a green-tailed towhee, or encounter an oncoming bike rider head on.

For their English assignment the sixth-graders wrote presentations on bicycle paths for the committee. Those who wanted to read their papers were on hand to do so. Carolyn's paper said there should be signs warning people of sharp turns. The committee members agreed, and thanked her. Traci Marshall, 12 years old, said there should be places on the path where you can stop and rest. John Thornton, also 12, said there ought to be some better way to get to the path, and that it should be wider. "But I like it," he said. "There is plenty of nature around." Twenty-three

*continued*



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members of the sixth-grade class filed out.

For 12 hours equally concerned spokesmen told the committee what was wrong with the operation of HB 1700, where they wanted new paths located and why bicycle routes combined with roads or streets were no good. More than 100 witnesses appeared, and from their accounts emerged a picture of cyclists forced off the road, insulted by truck drivers, tailgated by sports cars, toppled by debris, and so harassed, honked at and belabored that it appeared the only safe bicycle in Oregon would be one that was able to climb a tree.

One listened to the testimony of 54 witnesses until the accounts of hazards and discomforts set off some automatic switch; each new report sounded like a replay of the one before it. Could this be the result of HB 1700? The Magna Carta of bicycle riders? The measure that cyclists in 30 states were urging their legislatures to adopt? But occasionally a speaker described the bicycle paths he

would like to see built, summoning up a vision of secluded, rustic trails in country settings.

Take Fort Stevens, for example. It stands on a peninsula where the Columbia River enters the Pacific, a thin cover of brush planted around it to prevent the sand from blowing away, a maze of cracked-concrete gun emplacements, the streets and buildings engulfed in blackberry vines. Built during the Civil War to discourage Confederate gunboats, Fort Stevens saw no action until 1942, when a Japanese submarine surfaced nearby and lobbed shells into it, the only military installation in the continental U.S. attacked by enemy gunfire. A bicycle path from Highway 101 to the fort had long been advocated, and 7.3 miles have been completed.

The first great American bicycle craze occurred after the pneumatic tire was developed in the 1880s. Oregon was so thinly settled and the distance between towns was so great that the fad hit the state with

extraordinary force. There were so many bicycles in the wide-open gold-rush town of Baker near the Idaho border in eastern Oregon that bicycle riding on the sidewalk was prohibited in 1881, although almost everything else known to mankind was permitted there. Now one of the projected bicycle paths under HB 1700 would run from Baker along an abandoned narrow-gauge railroad line, through worked-out gold fields to the ghost town of Bourne. Nothing much remains of Bourne except a sumptuous mansion dating from the turn of the century. The swindlers of Bourne were unsurpassed in the way they sold stock in the Sampson Company, of London, New York and Bourne, long after it was well known there was no gold in its mines. The whole town was in on the secret, and two different (but identical-appearing) editions of the local newspaper were printed, one containing authentic news, the other, distributed in distant cities, containing entirely fictitious references to nonexistent gold strikes. The inhabitants

*continued*

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## BIKE PATHS *continued*

spent much of their time pretending to be rich, in case a nosy investor happened by, and the masquerade, sometimes called the most outrageous gold-mining swindle of all time, went on for several years.

The nationwide bicycle boom reached its peak in 1899, when the U.S. population was 75 million, and 1,182,691 new bicycles were sold. At that time the population of Oregon was only 400,000, but the state had about 3,500 miles of bicycle paths over 60 separate routes. Most of the paths were built by local bicycle clubs. They were narrow, limiting cyclists to traveling in single file from town to town through the woods. In a sense, the paths of the '70s resemble those of two generations before. For example, one proposed route runs from Portland to the state capital at Salem, 47 miles away. When Herbert Hoover was a boy in Newberg, south of Portland, he got a job weeding onions and saved his money to buy a secondhand bicycle. Moving to Salem, he worked in an uncle's real-estate office, saving all his wages for several months in order to buy a new bicycle. Hoover eventually went to Stanford with his hard-won two-wheeler and \$160 to start the career that ultimately led to the presidency.

Local history abounds along some of the paths, such as the one proposed for Bend, a city of 16,200 east of the Cascades. The path would skirt Sunriver, a resort and residential development that has 18 miles of bicycle paths leading to every home and shopping center. Bend was an obscure cattle town of 500 until 1915, when Tom Shevlin built a sawmill there. Twice an All-America end on Walter Camp's great 1902-04 teams, Shevlin introduced himself simply: "I'm Tom Shevlin, probably the greatest football player that ever lined up for Yale." The sharpest dresser in the college (he always took three suits to out-of-town games) and Yale's fastest motorist (he raced his 60-hp Mercedes against the express train to New York), he enjoyed loafing around the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, hiring bellboys to page him. His standing as Bend's most glamorous citizen ended when Clark Gable got a job in the sawmill. A legendary ladies' man, Gable was a parttime actor until he played Romeo to Jane Cowl's Juliet in Portland in 1925 and became famous.

A host of extravagant escapades surrounds the projected paths. In 1900 a

*continued*

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## BIKE PATHS

possessed professor at the University of Oregon, Frederic Young, pushed or pedaled his bicycle over the entire length of the Oregon Trail, 2,000 rough miles of prairies and mountains. He wanted to experience what the emigrants had gone through. "The interminableness of it!" he wrote when he got back to Eugene. In 1902 Oregon's worst outlaw, Harry Tracy, escaped from the penitentiary, shot and killed seven men, and for three months evaded the militia called out to capture him, much of the time speeding on stolen bicycles ahead of his pursuers.

One wants to ride with Harry Tracy, but bicyclists more often find themselves at a dead end. Only 144.9 miles of paths have been completed—or are under construction—in the four years since the bicycle bill became law, and the cost has been a staggering \$5.9 million. One percent of the gasoline tax is about \$2 million a year, so presumably the state has had about \$8 million to spend on the paths. But a complicated division into payments to cities and counties limits the amount available for any long-distance run, and procurement of funds is subject to considerable legal tugging and pulling. The first 44 miles of paths built with gasoline-tax money were the result of no less than 35 different projects by the state, counties and towns, most of them less than half a mile long.

Today the Oregon highway department has a magnificent statewide plan. The only trouble is that it would cost \$101 million to complete. But that, too, is an old story in Oregon; there has never been enough money to do what the voters wanted. At one time, under the initiative and referendum, the electorate approved a measure to build a courthouse and then voted down the money to build it. During the gold rush, voters approved a plan to finance the construction of a county courthouse in Jacksonville by mining gold from the excavation for the building's basement.

Despite such traditions, the voters take it for granted that HB 1700 will be implemented while feeling considerable satisfaction that so many other states are following their example.

Meanwhile, pending the completion of their paths, cyclists tour on little-used back roads. Following a path described in Nick and Elsie Jankowski's *55 Oregon Bicycle Trips*, one cyclist met a single car in 21 miles. The hard-topped road runs through a small forest of dead apple

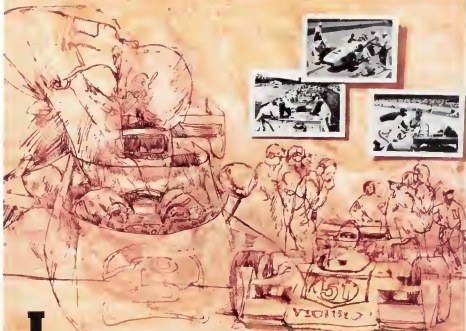
trees, all that remains of a gigantic apple-growing insurance scheme. The idea was that the trees planted in one's early years would provide retirement income in old age, but they never produced any fruit.

In *55 Oregon Bicycle Trips* one gains an idea of the homely attractions to be found on the way: each steep hill meticulously noted, old houses, totem poles, art centers, zoos, blackberry bushes, wrecked ships and agates in the gravel of Agate Beach. Ernest Drapela and Kevin Pratt's *30 Bike Routes in Lane County* tells you how to cycle to a scenic attraction where there is a sign reading **WHAT ARE YOU DOING ABOUT BEARS?** The book guides you to an abandoned schoolhouse filled with hay, a riverbank populated with beavers, a windmill, a lot of waterfalls, a salmon pool, driftwood, and a list of public campgrounds where you can go to the toilet.

One of the projected new paths is to run from the city of Grants Pass, known as Grass Plains, through groves of pines and madroña trees and the town of Wonder (so named because people wondered how anybody could make a living there), to wand up, 28 miles later, in the Oregon Caves. Another path, in the southwest corner of the state, will run near the Rogue River past fields of bent coast grass (exported for putting greens) into forests of Port Orford cedar, a wood found nowhere else that became famous when Sir Thomas Lipton used it in his challenges for the America's Cup. But generally there is something anticlimactic about riding a bicycle to an historic site in Oregon. The oldest things in the state are often of so recent vintage that an ancient ruin merely looks out of date. But it is true that on a bicycle it is easy to stop and examine any point of interest, though why it is interesting may be hard to define. Everything seems close at hand and approachable, and the uniform gray overcast, on days that are neither too hot nor too cold for cycling, gives a muted Eastman color chain to the scenery, the leaves or the bark of trees, or the forlorn grandeur of some empty shack outlined against snowy mountains. The bicycle-path program is part of an old regional pattern: something at once romantic and practical, visionary and sensible, grandiose but relatively inexpensive. What it really shows is a love of the country and a way to see it without parking problems. Maybe someday it will all work. **END**



THE FOLLOWING 20 PAGE ADVERTISING SECTION CONTAINS ILLUSTRATIONS, PHOTOGRAPHS, INFORMATION AND ANECDOTES ABOUT THE MECHANICS WHO BUILD, THE PIT CREWS WHO MAINTAIN, AND THE DRIVERS WHO RACE AT THE INDIANAPOLIS 500.



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They say the legend of Foyt began in the pits, but that is not unusual. A lot of legends were born in the pits. If Foyt won the race in the pits it certainly

wasn't the first 500 that had been decided there, but it was clearly one of the most dramatic and, for many, brought into perspective the importance of the pit stop.

Foyt and Eddie Sachs had been battling it out all through the race. There were no mandatory pit stops in those days, but the practice was to make three, based on tire wear and fuel requirements. Sachs had made his third stop and everything had gone smoothly; just a shade under 20 seconds and he was roaring back down pit road and snuggling into traffic on the First Turn, with enough fuel to last him the rest of the race and tires that should go the distance.

Chief Mechanic George Bignotti called Foyt in for tires and fuel. Reluc-

tantly Foyt relinquished his first place spot and carefully shot his white and red front-engined Offenhauser down out of Turn Four and roared into the pits. Eighteen seconds later he was zinging out again. The Offy roadster steadily picked up the pace and within two laps he was on Sachs' tail. For some reason his racer was now markedly faster than Sachs'.

Neither of them knew of the problem Foyt's crew had encountered in the pits. The refueling mechanism had jammed and they had to send him back out with new tires and a smattering of fuel—definitely not enough to finish the race.

The lack of fuel made Foyt's car lighter. And faster. He shot past a surprised Sachs coming out of the second turn and flashed down the back straight-





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away. Sachs picked up the tempo and for the next several laps he charged harder than he had at any time during the race. His speed was sizzling but the increased pace of his heavier car was wearing down his tires at an alarming rate.

By Lap 184 Foyt's frantic crew had repaired the nozzle and a bewildered Foyt was called back into the pits. They quickly added enough fuel to complete the race and Foyt was rolling again in eight seconds. Relentlessly he chased Sachs but it didn't look as if he would have time to catch him. With four laps to go the cord on Sachs' right rear tire began to show through. The tread rubber was gone. A quick decision by his crew chief brought the car into the pits on the 197th lap. Clint Brawner and his crew mounted the right rear tire in record time but there was no catching Foyt. He won the race by eight seconds.

One year earlier Rodger Ward probably lost the race in the pits. On his final pit stop Ward, anxious to get back out to chase leader Jim Rathmann, stalled his engine in the pits. The restart cost him valuable seconds, and he had to charge hard to catch Rathmann again. But he did catch him and even passed him.

What happened after that thrilled Indy fans as no other race has ever done. The lead changed hands between Rathmann and Ward about every two laps, but with three laps to go and in the lead, Ward slowed down and Rathmann went on to win by a few seconds.

Nobody but Ward and his crew had seen the tell-tale white stripe on his right side tires. They gave him the signal to slow down. Tire officials had determined that the roadsters would get 300 miles out of right side tires at lap speeds of 140 mph but only 150 miles

at 143 mph. Ward had turned laps of 144 in trying to catch up to Rathmann.

After the race the tire engineers examined the tires and announced that Ward could not have made one more lap at the speeds he had been running.

In 1962 Sachs was again to fall victim of the pits. He ran a faster race than either Ward or Len Sutton but ended up in third place behind them because he spent more time in the pits than either of them.

Maybe it was the change in driving techniques in the 50s that made the difference in pit action. For openers, the cars began broad sliding through the turns about then. You could see the left front tire come off the ground, and you could see them in the pits more often for tires and repair. Before the 50s things had been more leisurely in the pits. Cars came in for what today

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would be considered an eternity—one minute or more. Drivers got out of their cars and stretched and then went back out and drove like the hammers of hell to make up the time. But everybody did it, so it didn't matter greatly.

Sure, there are accounts of fantastic feats in the pits in the early and not-so-early days, but mostly it more closely resembled a picnic. One exception was in the 1923 race when Tommy Milton's crew fouled up the fuel cap and they fashioned a replacement by running a copper tube through an orange and wrapping the whole thing with tape. They inserted it in the tank opening. An orange! And the pressurized sys-

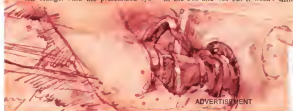
tem just as quickly swallowed it when the engine was fired up. They sent Milton back out to race, sloshing gasoline all over the place, while the crew removed a filler cap from a broken race car. A few laps later they brought Milton back in, installed the new cap and he went back out to win the race.

A few years later an inventive crew member pried some tacky tar from a crack in the pit wall to repair a leaking radiator in the Novi.

Most early pit stops were so informal that crews actually changed tires instead of wheels with new tires already mounted. It got a little more organized in the 30s and 40s but it wasn't until

after World War II that they began to resemble even remotely today's pit stops. Some old-timers claim that the Mercedes teams brought regimentation to the pit stop. But more look to car-builder A. J. Watson as the pioneer in the close order drill of pit stop artistry. It was Watson's teams who probably added dazzle to the stops and perfection to the jobs. Or maybe it was Bignotti.

There will be as many different answers as there were chief mechanics, but all will agree that the frantic action began about the time Troy Ruttman shredded a tire in the 1954 race and was still able to finish fourth after some fancy pit work.



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Perhaps even more unusual are the few cars that have gone the entire 500 miles without a pit stop. There were five. The first possibly requires an asterisk because the 1922 Bentley that Johnny Hawkes drove all the way without stopping for fuel, tires or repair was black flagged to one stop for driving too slowly in the groove. The first to go all the way without a stop of any kind was Dave Evans who piloted the Cummins diesel to a 13th place finish in 1931. Ten years later Cliff Bergere

placed fifth without a stop and probably would have won had not exhaust fumes made him ill during the final 100 miles, slowing his pace but not stopping him.

In 1949 two drivers, Jammy Jackson (sixth) and Johnny Mantz (seventh), went the distance. In 1964 Eddie Sachs certainly had planned to go all the way because he had nine fuel tanks surrounding him. Tragically he burned to death in a first lap crash.

Some truly remarkable things have happened in the pits, too. It hasn't al-

ways been tires and fuel and stalled cars. In 1969 Foyt's crew called him in after he had dropped out of the lead with a chugging engine and, within 20 minutes, they changed his turbo charger. He went back to finish eighth.

Smokey Yunick's crew changed a radiator on Joe Leonard's car in the 1969 race in 15 minutes and one year earlier, with 25 laps remaining, Lloyd Ruby came into the pits with a sick engine. The chief mechanic looked at it and sent him back out while they



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What they came up with, was this unique Buick Century. With a special 455 cubic inch, 4 barrel V-8 with dual exhausts. A special heavy-duty suspension. Special stabilizer bars front and rear. And special GR70x15 steel-belted radial tires.

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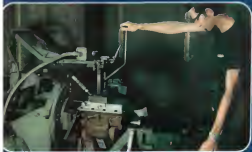
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rounded up a new coil. Two laps later they brought him back in, installed the new coil, and Ruby finished fifth. Had he quit with 25 laps remaining he would have placed 15th.

Ronnie Duman made ten stops in 1967, each time to repair a cantankerous clutch, and in 1972 Wally Dallenbach's car caught fire the first three times it came into the pits. It was the fourth pit stop before the crew could get the car back onto the track without sloshing fuel causing a fire and the crowd roared its approval, to which the crew, to a man, turned to the stands and took a deep bow.

If you could flash a Number 99 badge to the guard at the pit gate and ease right up behind the pits of, say, George Bignotti, here is what you might see in the 1975 version of the Indianapolis pit stop:

The car comes roaring to a stop and the five men over the wall work frantically on the tires and fuel. Another man is out there by the low concrete retaining wall at trackside with a pit board close by. He must stay there as long as his car is in the race. A seventh member of the team waits impatiently in the cockpit, hoping that his crew does everything well and quickly.

Another man is on the opposite side of the pit wall by the fuel tank. It gets a little complicated. Five working around the car, one on the pit board, one driver and one man just outside the pit area. Eight in all. But it is a team effort and each has a particular job to do.

One is assigned to the right front tire and it is his responsibility to get the tire and wheel assembly over the wall when the car comes in, wrench off the spinner with a pneumatic tool and bolt on the new tire and wheel. Another has the same task at the right rear. Since there are few left side tire changes they don't worry too much about that, but if the





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ROLEX



situation arises the right front man handles the left front and the right rear handles left rear.

One man is assigned to the jack and the second the car stops rolling he must get it in the air so the tire men can go to work.

There are two men for fueling—a fueler and a vent man. As the fueler inserts a three inch clear plastic column and the nozzle into the tank the vent man places a pipe in the tank to get the trapped air out. When the fuel rises, unbubble, above the tank in the clear plastic column they know it is full and the air is out of the tank.

The man over the wall has two responsibilities—to monitor the fuel operation and shut off the flow in case there is spillage, and to get the starter

across the wall in case the engine stalls or the car comes in dead. If either happens he hands the starter to the man in charge of the jack and the man on the right rear tire takes over jacking.

Bignotti watches over the whole operation like a coach, making sure everyone is functioning smoothly and watching a sight gauge on the side of the fuel tank which he designed himself. The gauge tells him how much of the allotted 278 gallons of fuel is left. If he reaches the half-way point, for instance, and has more than half his fuel left it means that he can tell the driver to use a little more boost on his turbo charger, which will increase the horsepower and speed.

Days before the race the crew has begun a rigorous training period. They

practice every day in the garage, each man doing his particular job over and over until he can do it perfectly.

"They probably dream about changing wheels and refueling cars," Bignotti says, "but that's what it takes. We learned a long time ago that we have to perform as well in the pits as the driver does in the cockpit. It takes that kind of teamwork," he added.

And teamwork must pay off because Bignotti has won more races—six—than any mechanic who ever came to Indianapolis.

It was Bignotti who introduced the first *workable* radio for a race car. In 1970 he installed a one-way radio in Al Unser's car. Unser could talk to the pits but they had to signal him back with the pit board.





# Winning Indy has become a Monroe habit.

When Johnny Rutherford took the checkers in the '74 Indianapolis 500, it marked the 21st time in 22 years that the Indy winner chose Monroe custom racing shock absorbers. Even more impressive is the fact that every single qualifier for last year's 500 chose to run for motor racing's biggest prize on Monroe racing shocks.

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"We didn't want anybody blasting in Al's car just about the time he was going into a corner," Bignotti said.

By 1971 Bignotti, and a lot of other teams realized that the drivers could handle the conversation but two-way radios became common. Now practically all of the top teams use them—in connection with pit boards, just to make sure the driver gets the message.

A special radio man from the Speedway assigns channels so all of the driver's won't be talking to one another.

Actually the radio dates back to Chet Gardner who used one in 1933. He even had the call letters painted on the side

of his car, but the radio wasn't too successful. It surfaced again in 1955 on Jim Rathmann's car but about the only clear message he picked up during the race was an order for parts from an Indianapolis plumber who happened to be on the same channel. Nobody is sure what kind of reply he got. But one can imagine.

"We still try to limit the amount of talk so as not to distract the driver," Bignotti says. "In fact, most of the time we wait for the driver to tell us something. He might tell us he needs a left front tire because he has run over something, and we are ready for him when he comes in. Things like that."

Pit crews do a little snooping with their radios, too. Many of them have scanners that can pick up other cars so they can monitor their strategy. They even pick up the USAC channel.

"This is important," Bignotti says. "Lots of times under yellow we hear USAC say 'Okay, put out the green' and we can warn our driver. If he has been running hard and suddenly is cruising along under yellow he might get sort of mesmerized and just isn't ready. He may have dropped back 10 or 15 car lengths and if you let a driver like, say, Bobby Unser get the jump on you he may be gone for the day."

# The secret of finishing first



A glass-smooth paint job reduces air drag, which contributes to the aerodynamics of an Indianapolis race car. Which is one reason so many entrants this year will start with *Ditzler*® paint on their cars. Another reason is a durable deep gloss finish that resists the grueling 500 miles of grit and grime punishment.

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The radio is not without comic relief. Someone said, "A good race strategy would be to find out the other guys' channels and call them all in."

And in 1974 Billy Vukovich and Al Unser found themselves on the same channel. They chided each other:

Vuky: "Aren't you afraid out here? Damn!"

Al: "Yeah, I'm scared stiff. And you would be, too, if you knew what could happen to you in one of these crates."

Most of the time, though, the radios serve an important function. A driver may radio us to tell his crew that the car is pushing in the turns and the spe-

cial hydraulic valve used to transfer weight from side to side is "jacked all the way out" and it still doesn't feel right. On the next fuel stop they will have a bigger fire ready for the right rear which will bring the front end back out away from the wall.

You might say it is an exact science. Or you might join the old-timers who say "It was better when they drove by the seat of their pants. That was skill."

There is something to say for both schools. A lot of things have changed at Indianapolis and a lot have remained the same. Drivers and crews still try to hold out for yellow to pit so they don't

lose precious lap time and—despite radios and all the refinements—they still drive a lot by the seats of their pants.

The cars have changed and the driver no longer sits up there high in the cockpit in a tee shirt and Cromwell helmet so that all can see him. Now he is stretched out down there somewhere in the rear-engine car and if you can see him at all the face mask completely shields his identity. But the strategy is still right there at pitside and more Indy 500s will be won in the pits. Perhaps even the 1975 race. □ BY BILL NEELY



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## CBS WINS AT THE RACES

In most years the running of the Kentucky Derby and Preakness signified that the network television viewers' racing season was two-thirds completed, and that once the Belmont Stakes was out of the way the sport could be forgotten until the first Saturday of the following May. If a Secretariat came along, one national broadcaster or another might deem to poke a camera at him from time to time, but except for such extraordinary circumstances the middle of June was the close of the racing season as far as network TV was concerned.

Thankfully, that type of thinking now has ceased. Last week's Preakness was the sixth major race seen nationwide on ABC or CBS this spring. And at least a dozen more will be shown before the season is over, including the first live telecast of harness racing's premier event, the Hambletonian.

For the thoroughbred fan this change could not be more timely because 1975 is shaping up as a vintage racing year, with Foolish Pleasure and Master Derby atop the 3-year-old colt division, the 3-year-old filly Ruffian unbeaten after eight starts, and Forego winning six straight major events under heavy weights. Not since 1957, when Bold Ruler, Round Table and Gallant Man were competing, has a season held as much potential for arguments and excitement.

TV changed its attitude toward racing last June after ABC took the rights to the Kentucky Derby away from CBS, which had broadcast it for 26 years. CBS was left with only the Preakness and Belmont Stakes. The two were mockingly called "The Double Crown" in the television industry, where it was widely felt that CBS's loss of the Derby would prompt it to terminate its interest in racing. Instead the network became more aggressive and recently announced that it would air nine races, not counting the "Double Crown," in each of the next five years.

The rights for the nine additional races were purchased from the New York Racing Association for about \$500,000 per year. In the agreement between CBS and the NYRA is a tacit understanding that if New York legislators a full card of Sunday racing (already permitted in California and Canada) as it is expected to do next year, the network will have first crack at the TV rights. Saturday

and Sunday races from New York, plus other races on those days that CBS hopes to line up in Illinois, California and Canada, offer a variety of new programming possibilities, all of which are pleasant to ponder.

CBS already has decided to change the time of its Saturday *Sports Spectacular* from early afternoon to 4:30-6:00 p.m. to put itself in better position to cover sports live. And racing fits neatly into that slot. When Sunday races are run during the pro football season, the

network will be able to put on real sports events instead of those halftime marching bands endlessly tooting *Hey, Look Me Over* by switching to *Aqueduct* or *Woodbine*.

Those who watched ABC's coverage of the Derby and CBS's production of the Preakness had a chance to compare the ways two networks handle a major sport. And there were important differences. For example, ABC updated the odds on the entrants four times; CBS gave the odds only once. ABC waited about a half hour to announce the complete order of finish; CBS quickly did so. Each network used five announcers—about two too many per race. By constantly jumping from one sportscaster to another, ABC and CBS left the impression they were putting on summer stock productions of *Work You Were Here*, not classic sporting events that need no hyping.

The networks had good camera coverage and showed replays of the possible fouls that marred both races. ABC has been strongly and wrongly criticized for ignoring track announcer Chic Anderson's miscall of Preakness Thou Art Foolish Pleasure as the horses came down the stretch in the Derby. Once a mistake is made the thing to do is straighten it out as quickly and innocuously as possible. ABC did that.

As the Preakness, Anderson gave an excellent call for CBS, and then came back during the replays to explain clearly why Master Derby had not bothered Foolish



ANDERSON HAD A DERBY DOWNER AND A PREAKNESS PEAK

Pleasure enough to cause a disqualification. Anderson's performance was not the only reason CBS's Preakness coverage was much better than ABC's presentation of the Derby. CBS's primary announcers, Jack Whitaker and Frank Wright, were far more knowledgeable than ABC's Howard Cosell and Jan McKay. Cosell's Derby broadcasting was an exercise in overkill. His repeated description of an outside post position as "untenable" was an insult to the language and the intelligence of racing fans.

Cosell's style was the worst aspect of ABC's overwrought approach. Possibly because it had never done the race before, the network chose to ignore the fact that the Derby is 101 years old and needs no introduction. Instead ABC treated the race with the same brassiness that it uses in trying to put over such phony affairs as *Celebrity Superstars*, which are rapidly becoming its stock-in-trade.

The tone of ABC's presentation overshadowed Anderson's *fun* pan and indicated that the network is a long way from coming to grips with the basic problem of televising racing. The Derby and Preakness shows concerned more than two hours of air time, during which only four minutes involved the running of the races. Viewers must be forbearing to sit through much of the hoopla that the networks put on before post time. This year CBS was more bearable than ABC by a long shot.

END

As usual, David Clyde, the Texas Ranger bonus baby, was having trouble with his curveball. Warming up in the bullpen, he was not even conscious of the drizzle or the cold or the young boy, his arms outspread like wings, who was tightrope-walking across the top of the outfield fence. The boy stopped directly above Clyde's catcher, began to totter, regained his balance with a furious flapping of his arms, and then just stood there, watching, his arms outspread, while below Clyde warmed up in preparation for a night game at Waco Park, home of the Pittsfield, Mass. Rangers of the Double-A Eastern League.

Before every pitch, Clyde's routine was the same. He pressed his feet firmly together on the wet grass (it was too muddy to throw from the mound), bowed his head, joined his bill and glove hands at his waist as if in prayer, and then, after a contemplative pause, began his motion. Always at the same point, his motion faltered. Just as his throwing arm passed the side of his head the arm dropped slightly and his elbow tucked into the side of his body as if he were flinching from pain or maybe fear, all of which caused the ball to travel in a high lazy arc toward his catcher, who invariably caught it at what would have been the batter's eye level.

"It's always at the same point," said Clyde. "When I get right here, just when I'm ready to release the ball, something in the back of my mind tells me, 'I don't have it' and my arm drops and I just roll it up there. I've lost my confidence in it. In high school I had a good breaking ball. I used to throw it for a strike with a 3-1 count. But once I got to the bigs everybody started preaching to me that my breaking ball needed work, that it wasn't real good. I started trying too hard, changed my rhythm, and lost it. I started thinking too much, too, instead of just going out there and throwing with that easy simple rhythm I had in high school."

In 1973, when David Clyde was

## Not bonny for Clyde

**The Rangers' boy hero struggles to recover his stuff in the minors**

a senior at Westchester High School in Houston, he compiled an 18-0 record, an 0.18 ERA and accumulated 328 strikeouts in 148½ innings to become the most sought-after amateur pitcher in the country. Beyond such statistics and his obvious physical talent (superior, if not super, major league fastball: good curveball), he had, according to Jackie Moore, then a Texas coach, now the Pittsfield manager, "such poise that I told the front office there wouldn't be much need to work with him."

The lowly Rangers made Clyde their first draft choice, gave him a \$125,000 bonus, and then, amid much fanfare, an-

nounced that he would start his first major league game only 19 days after he graduated from high school. He was 18 years old. There was some controversy at the time about the wisdom of subjecting one so young to major league pressures. Ranger Manager Whitey Herzog said he had seen too many young pitchers ruined by being asked to do too much too soon. "A kid takes a shellacking or two," said Herzog, "and his confidence suffers." On the other hand, Bob Short, owner of the team, claimed that Clyde could handle the pressure, that he had the poise to be a big-league pitcher, and then, in his own defense, added, "Look, I've got a big investment here. I'm not going to risk losing it by ruining Clyde's career for the sake of one big box-office appearance."

It was no secret that Short was in dire financial straits after having transplanted the Rangers from Washington. The team was a perennial last-place finisher and had yet to prove it could draw substantial crowds. Short was accused of using David Clyde to save his franchise by hyping the gate. Which he did. In a circus-like atmosphere (Polynesian dancers, two lion cubs, a man dressed in feathers and scales) Clyde drew 35,698 fans to his debut, which he won, and similar crowds to each of the next few games he pitched at Arlington, Texas. Eventually, specta-

tors who had come to see the novelty of a high school youth pitching against major-leaguers began to appear at the ballpark on nights Clyde wasn't working. They had discovered baseball and the Rangers, who, shortly thereafter, became a respectable team worthy of such attention. Ironically enough, once the Rangers became respectable they could no longer afford the luxury of pitching an unsteady but potentially talented youth in increasingly important games. Clyde got less and less work in 1974, became less and less confident and suffered through a 3-9 season (he was 4-8 in '73) while his teammates were making a run for the division title. In spring training this year he pitched very little because of a tonsillitis, and then he was shipped out to Pittsfield of the Eastern League.

"There's no doubt about it," says Moore, "he was the drawing card that saved the franchise. He's

continued



CLYDE WINDS UP TO PITCH FOR PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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## Longer...yet milder

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changed a lot since then, though. He's not so confident now. His problems are mostly mental. He's lost that relaxed attitude he had in high school."

Sitting in the stands at Wabconah Park, watching batting practice before a game with Quebec City, David Clyde, 20 now, is dressed in jeans and sneakers and a soiled suede jacket. He is smoking one cigarette after another. The only reminder of past glory is the ring on his left hand. It is a huge ring, with DAVID in diamonds underlined with rubies. "I'll never forget it," says Clyde. "It was such an emotional thrill I can't put it in words. Even if I never go back, at least I tasted the good life. I was so confident that first game. I was throwing 3-1 curveballs. I wanted to show them what I had. Then I started to lose a few—I don't remember the losses much, only the wins—and I began to outthink myself. I felt I had to pitch different than I did in high school, but I was wrong. If I could pitch that way again I'd be right in there. You can't do something that doesn't come naturally to you. Then, my life-style affected my pitching, too. I really enjoyed myself there, you know what I mean. I maybe got caught up in things that weren't me. Nothing bad, really, just the kind of things any young kid is gonna do, keeping late hours and everything. Even if you're straight in the big leagues you keep strange hours."

"I'm just now getting out of the whirlwind of things. I'm trying to simplify my life again, to get it back the way it was in high school. I guess you can't pitch like you did in high school if you aren't the same person you were then. I've got business interests now. I love fine wines, you know, good-looking women. There's some good-looking women here in Pittsfield, but I don't know where they go at night. I sure can't find them. If I did, what could I say, 'Hey, you want to go out with an ex-major league star?' I'm in the process of a divorce, now, too. It was all my fault. Gee, I don't know why any major-league gets married. You're never home. I admit I'm no all-American boy, if there is such a thing. It's just like the American Dream. Everyone visualizes what it is but no one ever gets it. But I'm getting more relaxed now, I think. I know what I want out of life. And I've got all the time in the world. Heck, I'm not going anywhere."

In his first three starting assignments with Pittsfield, Clyde was predictably

wild. He walked 11 batters in 13½ innings. He lost two games and won none. "I didn't pitch that good," he says, "but I wasn't that bad, either. I was wild but it was cold, too. I couldn't even feel the ball in my hands. You can't pitch . . . aw, what am I saying. I was lousy, that's all."

His fourth start of the season was against Quebec City on that cold, drizzly evening in Pittsfield. David Clyde pitched a six-hit shutout, the first shutout of his professional career. He walked only two batters and struck out 12 in nine innings. Still, it was not exactly what he had been looking for. In the early innings he simply overpowered the Quebec batters with his major league fastball. Of the 13 curveballs he threw in the first four innings, only four were strikes. Then, in the fifth inning, with the bases loaded and no outs, he was forced to resort to his curveball either because the batters were starting to hit his fastball, or because he had come to some inner realization. He struck out the next batter on two sharp curveballs, got the next on a fastball, and then set up the last batter with a curveball and struck him out with a fastball. In the last five innings, Clyde threw 16 curveballs, 11 of them strikes. In the Rangers' cramped clubhouse after the game, amid a lot of shouting and laughing not unlike that which surrounded Clyde in high school, he said, "I'm really happy. It's great to be alive, eh? Baseball is starting to be fun again."

## THE WEEK

(Sep. 11-17)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**AL EAST** "Cardinals' Welcome Yankee President Gabe Paul," said a scoreboard message in St. Louis. The greeting was nice enough, but it may have been a bit startling to Paul, who was in town on the quiet to discuss trade possibilities. The week was a bumper all around for the Yanks, 1-4, who gave up 27 walks, hit into 11 double plays and made none of their own. The Yankees did beat the Angels 4-3 for Catfish Hunter's third win of the month and the team's third win of the month. Said Roy White, "We've been looking like fools. People have been laughing at us."

Things were no better in Boston, where Manager Darrell Johnson suffered through a 1-5 week and the ignominy of having let the Royals bat out of order throughout one

game because he did not get a copy of the official lineup. K.C. won that one 5-2.

In a 4-3 Baltimore week, Jim Palmer won twice, Tommy Davis hit .421 and Bobby Grich belted three homers. Also encouraging was a Jacket Night crowd of 48,042, the largest regular-season attendance in the Orioles' 22 years in Baltimore.

Vern Riffe picked up Detroit's only two wins in six tries, 5-0 against the Royals and 6-4 over the Rangers.

After being shut out by K.C. and Texas, Milwaukee won three of its next four games. Henry Aaron had just three hits in 2½ times up, but two were home runs 737 and 738 and he drove in seven runs.

Rookie Dennis Eckersley, 20, pitched three scoreless innings of relief to preserve a 3-2 win over Minnesota, and was praised by Cleveland Manager Frank Robinson. "He pitches and reacts like a veteran," Robinson said. Three days later Eckersley pitched and reacted like a rookie. Coming in with the bases full of White Sox in the ninth, he gave up a walk and hit a batter and the Tribe lost 3-2.

MIL 19-12 BOS 14-15 DET 14-19  
BAL 18-17 CLEV 12-19 NY 12-20

**AL WEST** "We always play well in the ball park," said K.C. Manager Jack McKeon with a wink after winning 3-0 in Boston while 140 visiting Soviet sailors tried to comprehend what baseball was all about. The shutout was the second of the week by Steve Busby, who earlier had said nryer to the Brewers, 4-0. Hal McRae hit .462, while Harmon Killebrew batted .412 and stole his first base since 1971. In all, it added up to a 6-1 week for the Royals.

Finally getting the range, Billy Williams slammed three homers and Vida Blue brought his record to 8-1 with two wins over New York as Oakland won five in a row.

Shortstop Toby Harrah drove in eight runs and batted .429 for Texas, which split six games. Bill Hands stopped Detroit 10-3 for his fourth straight win. At one point in that game his mound opponent was Ray Burris, which made the matchup Bare-Hands. The Rangers lost a suspended game to the Brewers 3-2 when Jackie Brown gave up the final run by walking two men, making an error and hitting a batter in the 15th inning.

In the first game of a doubleheader at Baltimore, Bobby Grich hit a home run off the left-field foul pole with two out in the ninth to nip California 1-0. The Angels won the nightcap 3-2 as Tommy Harper crashed two homers, one of which also hit the foul pole. After beating the Yankees, the Angels' Nolan Ryan insisted he was "struggling out there." You should struggle so well Ryan held them to two hits and beat them 5-0.

Another who made it look easy was the Twins' Rod Carew, who stole second base.

*continued*

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only minutes a day. So caring for contact lenses is really no more taxing than good dental hygiene.

#### **Contact lenses for athletes.**

Another advantage of the newer contact lenses is that they stay more snugly in place through the jostles and jolts of active sports. Although they should not be worn while swimming, contact lenses are worn regularly by many professional, college, and high-school athletes in other sports.

**An eye examination...where everything starts.** Contact lenses can't correct every form of vision problem or be worn by everyone, but it's amazing how many

people they can help. Contact lenses may be right for you—but that can only be determined by having your eyes examined by an eye professional. Millions of people neglect their eyes. A regular professional examination is the best way to protect the priceless miracle of sight. Shouldn't you make a checkup appointment today?

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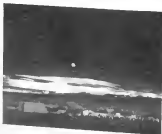




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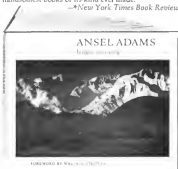
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vent to third on an error and stole home as pitcher Jim Hughes beat the Indians 3-0. Carraway also drove in the winning runs at a 7-6 victory over the Indians and an 8-7 defeat of the Brewers. Larry Hsieh's seven RBIs put him atop the league in that department, with 25, as Minnesota forged a 4-3 week.

Chicago, 2-3, was the only club in the division with a losing record, Western teams going 23-13 against the East.

**OAK 25-12 TEX 19-18 KC 20-16**  
**GAL 18-16 MINN 15-15 CRI 14-19**

**NL EAST** Four errors and a 7-3 loss to the Braves in the week's first game sent Phillies Manager Danny Ozark into a rage, during which he tongue-lashed his players for 15 minutes. Facing the press later, Ozark had more to say about his team's slovenly play. "It was a disgrace. It's beyond my apprehension." A few days later, however, Ozark was smiling and Reliever Tag McGraw was exulting. "It's an awesome club." The transformation was brought about by strong pitching, a few clutch hits and the second coming of Dick Allen. The result: six straight wins as the Phillies climbed to second place. Tom Underwood and Steve Carlton both pitched 4-0 wins over the Reds, and the Phils also swept a doubleheader from Cincy with late rallies. Ollie Brown dramatically ended the opener with a three-run pinch homer with two out in the last of the ninth. Then the Phillies outslugged the Braves 12-8 and 9-8, taking the second game with a three-run ninth climax by Dave Cash's RBI single. Reliever Gene Garber used a major league mark by winning three games in a row. And Philadelphia fans set a record of their own by not booing Allen once on his first day back. In fact, they gave him three standing ovations, the last coming after Allen, in his first at bat since September, stroked a single. Also cheered were Cuthbert, who hit .387 and had four RBIs, and Larry Bowa, who batted .467. It was enough to fill opponents with real apprehension.

In a week of interdivisional play the East held the upper hand 22-13. New York won five in a row as Rusty Staub hit .476 and had eight RBIs. In St. Louis, Red Schoendienst, the Cardinal skipper, said, "The troops have to inspire themselves." Responding, Lou Brock went on a tear in which he batted .423, scored 10 runs and stole six bases, giving him 12 for the year. Most inspiring of all was a 23-hit, 17-2 win over the Giants.

The first 22 Pirates to face Don Sutton of the Dodgers were set down in order. Then the Bucs broke up Sutton's perfect-game attempt with three eighth-inning hits and went on to win 3-2 when Al Oliver bopped a two-run homer in the ninth. The Pirates' other wins in a 3-2 week came against the Padres—2-0 on a three-hitter by Jerry Reuss and 5-4.

The love affair between the Expos and

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**BASEBALL**

their once ardent followers is on the wane. Attendance is down, booing is up and fans, upset by Expo errors (time last week) and lopsided losses, have been leaving Jarry Park early. Outfielder Pepe Mangual, a Puerto Rican who speaks neither English nor French, has at least been communicating with his bat. Last week he had two game-winning blows and ran his hitting streak to 17 games.

CHI 30-12 PHIL 19-14 PIT 18-13  
NY 15-14 SF 14-17 MONT 12-18

**NL WEST** With Outfielder Bill Buckner and Reliever Mike Marshall miling and Shortstop Bill Russell on the disabled list again, this time with an injured knee, Los Angeles seemed vulnerable. But the Dodgers were 4-2 and widened their lead to 5 1/2 games. They topped the Cardinals 6-4 in 10 innings when Tom Paciorek, filling in for Buckner, drove across the go-ahead run and substitute Shortstop Rick Auerbach punched home two more. The victory went to Jim Brewer, who pitched four innings on his longest relief job in four years. Despite a touch of the flu, Don Sutton beat the Pirates 7-0, and former Cub Burt Hooton got his first win, a 5-0 two-hitter against the Cardinals. Andy Messersmith recovered from the same bug that had bitten Sutton to hold off the Pirates 4-1 in 10 innings with the support of a three-run homer by Lee Lacy and a game-winning hit by Joe Ferguson. For Lacy it was his first-ever major league home run in 188 games and 538 at bats.

San Diego, 3-2, was the only other West team with a winning record. Dave Fensleben beat the Cubs 2-1 and 4-1, the latter win coming on Padre Night before the largest crowd in Padre history, 49,599.

Houston dug itself deeper into the cellar by losing four of six games. Most galling of the setbacks was a 2-1 loss to the Cubs in which the Astros gave away the deciding run on a single, a walk, a wild pitch and a passed ball. James Rodney Richard, a 6'8", 220-pound right-hander, has always had a world of stuff, but little control. In a 4-2 defeat by the Cubs he walked eight men, bringing his season total to 47 bases on balls in 49 innings.

The Red Sox dropped six games in a row—their longest losing streak since 1971—in which they hit 212, had just one homer and were shut out for 18 consecutive innings by left-handers. Cincinnati salvaged a 5-3 win in Montreal on 10th-inning home runs by Ken Griffey and Johnny Bench.

Despite four homers and 615 hitting by Vic Cornell plus two homers and seven RBIs by Earl Williams, Atlanta won 2-4. San Francisco, 1-4, snapped a six-game losing string with a 4-3 win when the Cardinals committed a 10th-inning error.

LA 24-12 CIN 18-16 SD 17-18  
ATL 18-20 SF 15-19 HOUS 12-27

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The "rope-a-dope" strategy did not work and the "mirage" approach failed, so Muhammad Ali, surely the most versatile heavyweight fighter of all time, went back to proven stuff. He began to float like a 224½-pound butterfly and sting like a bee and he reduced Ron Lyle to a defenseless hulk after one minute and eight seconds of the 11th round in their championship fight last week in Las Vegas.

During the course of the first 10 rounds, Ali encapsulated almost his entire career. He lay on the ropes and tried to lure Lyle—no dope—into flailing himself arm-weary. But Lyle only pecked away or moved back to the center of the ring. Rope-a-dope had worked against George Foreman in Zaire, it is doubtful that the technique will ever work again against an Ali opponent.

The mirage style of boxing is faintly reminiscent of Floyd Patterson's peck-aboo. Ali goes to the middle of the ring, holding his hands up, palms together as if in supplication. He gets flinched smartly about the gloves and arms while peering out at his opponent. Supposedly, this tires the opponent. But it only seemed to encourage Lyle, who ripped a right uppercut through the gloves in the ninth round to give Ali a black eye.

When not using these tactics, Ali stood flat-footed, hands at his sides, and evaded Lyle's punches by moving his head. Most of Lyle's punches, that is, Ali did so little in the first six rounds that he was behind on everyone's scorecard but his own. In the seventh round, he grew bored with his inventions and began to float and sting. And despite being stung himself by a good, ponderous right hand, he took advantage of a grievous Lyle falling.

Lyle does not have fast hands or feet and he has a deplorable habit of dropping his left hand after he jabs. And almost every time he dropped the left, Ali hit him solidly with a right hand. In the eighth, the round selected by Ali as the one in which he would knock his man out, he hit Lyle with a dozen rights over the laggard left, but none of the blows was quite strong enough to fulfill the prediction.

In the ninth and 10th rounds, the champion was content to demonstrate some vintage Ali, dancing, making Lyle miss, flicking out a left hand that is

## When right made might

**Of all the stuff Ali showed Lyle, only the right hand was telling**

quick as a snake's tongue, not throwing his right, perhaps lulling Lyle into a sense of security.

Early in the 11th, Lyle started a left jab but Ali beat him to it with his own left. Then he smashed Lyle square on the point of the jaw with a thunderous right that sent the challenger reeling into the ropes. Until this explosion, Ali had looked like a man playing tedious games with a boy; now, suddenly, he became deadly serious, battering Lyle along the ropes, across the ring and into a neutral corner. Lyle was overpowered, unable to block the incoming punches, and Ali turned to Referee Ferd Hernandez and motioned for him to stop the fight. The referee refused, so Ali hit Lyle with a lightning left-right-left to the head, then stepped back again and waved to Hernandez. This time, wisely, the referee stopped it.

"I wasn't hurt," Lyle said afterward, proving that his memory is even shorter than George Foreman's. Ex-champion Foreman was on the scene in Las Vegas telling anyone who would listen that he wasn't hurt when Ali knocked him out in Africa. Indeed, Foreman blames the loss on 1) hoobie dust, 2) bad water and 3) the noxious perfume of flowers which mysteriously filled his room for a week before the fight. Someone asked him how to spell "hoobie" and Foreman said, earnestly, "How can you spell it when you can't even see it?" Actually, what Foreman had not seen in Zaire and what Lyle had overlooked in Nevada was Ali's right hand.

"I told the ref to come and get him," Ali said. "I could see he was hurt, hurt bad. I can't kill a man. I did the same

thing with Quarry and Ellis. Same way."

The champion wore a small bruise under his left eye, where Lyle had hit him with the right uppercut. "He's a better fighter than I thought," Ali said. "Smart, strong, a gentleman. Didn't pay no attention to me talking to him. I was telling him, 'Take your best shot, sucker.' Then his corner was hollering, 'Uppercut! Uppercut!' so I say, 'Go on, sucker, throw the uppercut.' But he just went about his business."

Despite the beating about the head, Lyle was unmarked. "I could of gone 15," he said. "I don't know why the ref stopped it. This is for all the marbles, and a man deserves a full chance. This is the championship, not a four-round bout."

"Did you ever think you had Ali in trouble?" he was asked, and he shook his head. "No," he said. "I guess some of those shots looked good, but I didn't feel them in my hands. I never hit him a really good shot. You feel that when you do."

"He deserves another chance," Ali said. "Anybody comes up with the right money, he'll get one. That's what we fight for, the money." He spoke with the assurance of a man who had just made \$1 million, his fee for this encounter, and had many more millions in prospect.

Ali felt the swelling under his eye, then went on. "Now I got to get ready for Joe Bugner," he said, looking toward his fight with the European heavyweight champion, scheduled for June 30 in Kuala Lumpur. "He's good. Fast, moves good, probably gonna win the first five, six rounds. Went 12 with me right here in Las Vegas. But I invented a whole new way of fighting. Save myself first five, six rounds, let the other man punch himself out. I didn't dance until maybe the sixth, seventh round tonight. I been dancing all the time, I'd a been dead by the 11th, but it wasn't me was dead, it was Lyle, cause he done all the work up to then. So I'll let Bugner go ahead and do all the work, too."

It was a familiar scene. But one can forget hoobie dust, bad water, deadly flowers, rope-a-dope, mirages and all the rest. Ali continues to win quite simply because even at 33 he is still the best and smartest and quickest heavyweight in the world. As Bugner no doubt will discover in Kuala Lumpur.

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# You can't get a gold medal staying home

That's where the U.S. team was during the 1972 Olympics, but at the USVBA tournament in Reno there was giddy talk that the current squad would qualify for the '76 Games by beating Cuba and Mexico in August

If the U.S. Volleyball Association championship in Reno last week was not the best game in town, at least it was the biggest. With 114 teams participating, it was the largest USVBA tournament ever and, as usual, California-based teams dominated it, in both numbers and performance. There are four divisions of play at the USVBA championships: open competition for men; open competition for women; open competition for men over 35 (senior); and men's collegiate. Also, as a concession to its legacy, the top YMCA finisher in the men's open division is named the National YMCA champion.

The grueling schedule of double elimination matches began Wednesday morning, and when it ended about midnight Saturday, California teams had won all five championships. Chart House of San Diego, a team composed entirely of U.S. national team members and coached by Carl McGown, the national coach, won the men's open competition by beating a powerful all-star club from Southern California's Winston Volleyball League. A surprising team of young women (all under 21), the Adidas Volleyball Club, coached by former women's national coach Chuck Erbe, beat the Santa Monica Dippers. In the collegiate division Pepperdine prevailed over California State at Long Beach, while Captain Jack's of Long Beach won the senior title over the Outrigger Canoe Club of Hawaii, and the Malibu Palisades team was YMCA champion.

At USVBA meetings before and during the

tournament, talk about volleyball's future in this country was decidedly optimistic. So optimistic, in fact, that the organization approved a \$180,000 budget for the coming year, a figure treasurer Leonard Gibson said would have been unthinkable five years ago. More than anything else, what this nation's volleyball subculture wants is a team in the 1976 Olympics, and almost half of the USVBA budget will be spent with that in mind. There is even talk of an Olympic medal by 1980, heady aspiration for an organization that did not qualify a team for the Munich Olympics. This optimism is based on far-reaching changes in the men's and women's Olympic training programs, the growing strength of collegiate volleyball and the debut of professional volleyball next week in San Diego.

While these developments are helping to attract top-flight athletes and public attention, they are not entirely compatible. The defection of some national team members to the pro league has hurt

U.S. chances for the 1976 Olympics.

The U.S. men have their best shot at qualifying for the Olympics in August at the North Central American and Caribbean zone (NORCECA) championships in Los Angeles. If the U.S. team wins it will qualify. McGown sees Cuba and Mexico as the teams to beat. "Cuba is one of the top six or seven teams in the world," he says. "They have all the advantages of Communist countries. They train year round and they face the best competition because they can go to Europe almost anytime they want to." Mexico also worries McGown because it has had a full-time Korean coach ever since January 1974 and its players have been in almost constant training. Mexico beat the U.S. three games to two the last time the two teams met, although the U.S. had beaten Mexico by the same margin earlier.

The new pro league has complicated McGown's task by negotiating contracts with two key players from the national team, Bill Wardrop and Dodge Parker.

McGown says Bill is the best middle blocker in the country and Dodge is one of the top setters anywhere. USVBA Executive Director Al Monaco says, "We had invested four or five years of international exposure in those guys. That experience is pretty valuable when you figure the rest of the players in the world are averaging between four and six years of international experience and those are the guys you have to beat." Wardrop admits to having had second thoughts but says, "I had an opportunity to go where I



NATIONAL TEAM COACH CARL MCGOWN LECTURES HIS CHART HOUSE GANG



wanted to go [San Diego]. I might never have had it again. The organization of the national team at that time was not materializing like they said it would. Now it is good, but when I had to make my decision things were up in the air." McGown's feelings about his own program are mixed. "Our training is unprecedented. Never before has a national team trained this long, this hard. Still, the Cubans probably train at least seven hours every day. We feel good when we put in a six-hour day and even then we lose an hour."

The women's national team is another story. "There are a lot of people who, for different reasons, personal and other, don't wish to see the program succeed," Coach Arie Selinger says. A number of the better California players have chosen not to participate in the program, apparently unwilling to move to the training site in Pasadena, Texas, a suburb of

Houston. Laurel Brassey, a Californian who joined the team, says, "I had to give up a lot. I had to move to Texas and I hate it. The workouts are hard." But she plans to stay at least until the match with Cuba in the NORCECA tournament. Brassey feels another 20 women might try out for the program if the training site were in Southern California, but no city has been willing to support the program the way Pasadena has.

The city fathers of Pasadena have given generously for the right to call their town "The home of the women's national volleyball team." Besides providing the practice sites, they also are paying Selinger \$15,000 and furnishing him with an apartment and a car. Players are given apartments, and jobs are arranged for those who want them. The year-round training program is Spartan; workouts last six hours and are held six days a week. Like McGown, Selinger sees

Cuba as the team to beat. "They are tough, tall and quite experienced. They have spent about five years together. I've been studying films of the Cubans, the way they play. If we can develop a fast offense, we can compete with them. With a little luck, we can beat them."

When Selinger brought his first and second teams to Reno, everyone was anxious to see the results of the long training. When both teams fell to strong California clubs, USVBA people were mattering in the stands. Protested Selinger, "Our goal is to qualify for the Olympics, not to win the USVBA championships." The training camp hasn't been closed yet and Selinger was hoping to see some of the California players at tryouts in Reno the two days following the USVBA tournament. Selinger believes he and his team can turn things around, but if his women couldn't win in Reno, how can they beat Cuba?

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With his 100-mph goals and gallivanting, Terp Frank Urso is fast on his way to becoming the first four-year All-America since 1950

## The hottest shot around

It's about this campus cop who supposedly was stuffed in a trash can by Frank Urso. No longer do people at the University of Maryland discuss Urso's chances of becoming the first four-time All-America lacrosse player since Harry Truman was President. They want to talk about the great trash can caper.

Like any good story, it is as overblown as a used-car salesman's promise. True, there was a scuffle last October when the cop confronted Urso and five drinking buddies at the school's south gate. And true, Urso was the only one charged with assault and battery. But the charge has been placed in the judicial limbo of the *ster processor* docket, and university officials have never said a word about Urso having a trash can for an accomplice.

Urso laughs off the rumored trashing of the cop. He would not be a good-time All-America if he couldn't. And he wouldn't be if he let busybodies shackle his mad dash through life. "I thought people expected jocks to be in these type situations," he says innocently.

"That's the way Frank is," says Doug Radebaugh, who plays midfield with Urso. "He just lives day to day and enjoys himself as much as he can."

Seven months of marriage apparently have done little to change the mustachioed man-child. The main difference is that he now either takes his wife Kathy with him or asks her blessing before he goes. It is agreed that Urso, the lone married man on the team, is still the best of company when the good times roll.

He's also been a fine companion on the lacrosse field since his freshman season, when he scored the goal that beat Johns Hopkins for the 1973 NCAA title. "If you don't know what to do," Maryland Coach Bud Beardmore says, "you just give the ball to Frank."

Once he gets it the 21-year-old junior is like a ticking suitcase in an airport: he makes things happen. On a fast break he may surprise an opponent by sprinting past him without a fake. Or he may combine the face dodges of lacrosse with the halfback feints that enticed Ohio State, Penn State and Pittsburgh to try to recruit him for football. Frank turned them down because of his aching knees and because he had an idea he could be something special in lacrosse.

Glenn Thiel, the University of Virginia coach, leaves no doubt that Urso had the right idea. "He's starting a whole new trend," says Thiel. "He's a superathlete, the kind of kid who would be great at anything. There have been a few kids like that before, but they always played another sport in addition to lacrosse. Now that they have a chance at pro box lacrosse, I think more of them are going to play just the one sport."

Admittedly hungry for a taste of the National Lacrosse League, Urso is pioneering in a most visible fashion. He is widely considered the country's best college player. He has been recognized as just that by both Thiel and Bob Scott, who retired last year after winning his seventh lacrosse national championship in 20 seasons of coaching at Hopkins. "There haven't been many others in Urso's boat," Scott says. In fact, he can think of only one midfielder better than Urso, Syracuse's Jim Brown.

The way eligibility rules were set up when Brown played, he never had a chance to become what Urso should be by the end of next year, a four-time All-America. The last four-timer was Lloyd Bunting, a Hopkins defenseman in 1947-50. But although Bunting was first-team All-America as a freshman, junior and senior, the best he could do as a sophomore was honorable mention. It is necessary to go back to 1922-25, when Doug Turnbull was on the attack for Hopkins, to find a quadruple All-America who was first team across the board.

Before anyone could consider Urso a match for Turnbull he had to prove himself to his 1973 teammates at Maryland. Urso convinced them by leaving trails

continued

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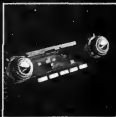
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#### LACROSSE continued

of tangled, fallen defenders against such powers as Hopkins, Cornell and Virginia. The Terps now believe in him when he is passing—"You get open and he'll get the ball to you," says Tri-captain Gary Niels—and they believe in him even more when he is shooting because he has the deadliest shot in college lacrosse.

"I guess it goes more than 100 mph," says Beardmore. "There are probably a lot of players who can shoot it that hard, but they're all over the place. With Frank you know that 90% of the time it'll be between the pipes."

Except for shoulders that look as if they could support a bridge, the 5'10", 175-pound Urso does not appear capable of maiming goalies, but he loves to talk about his shot the way Sal Maglie loved to talk about his knockdown pitch.

"I always try to take my first shot at the goalie's head," Urso says. "I don't care if it goes five feet over the net. I want to get the goalie scared. It's a lot easier to score if the goalie is ducking."

Enough goalies have ducked or otherwise compromised with Urso's shot that he has scored 93 goals, a Maryland record for a midfielder. Combined with his 56 assists, that gives Urso 149 career points, also tops on Maryland's alltime list for a midfielder. But only 39 of his points (25 goals and 14 assists) have come this season, which would seem to suggest a less than All-America year.

Thiel says that is an example of how statistics lie. Calling Urso "my first selection for any All-America team," the Virginia coach points out that one test of excellence is the ability to endure great difficulty, and until last week great difficulty summed up 1975 for Urso.

Beardmore was counting on him more heavily than ever because the Terps had lost six of the players who had led them to last year's NCAA finals. The new bunch was thin on defense and on the bench. Things became worse when Urso started having trouble with bodies—his own and other people's.

First he separated his left shoulder in a pre-season scrimmage. Then Attackman Ed Mullen, the team's best feeder, was lost when he tore up his knee. Beardmore's plan was to replace Mullen with burly Midfielder Roger Tuck. But Tuck broke a bone in his foot. The only logical candidate remaining was Urso, as soon as his shoulder healed sufficiently.

Sufficiently does not mean completely, but still Urso played all 60 minutes when

the Terps went to Virginia in the second week of the season to defend their ACC crown. Dashing between midfield and attack, Urso quickly set up a goal with a snappy pass and scored two himself, the second on a shot that turned Goalie Rodney Rullman into a human top.

But just when it looked as though Urso might run off with the game, the young Terps became confused by Virginia's persistent rallying and forgot that he was around. While his teammates went one-on-one, Urso, the only Terp capable of doing that consistently, went minutes without getting the ball. He did not start getting it until the Terps had to play catch-up. With Virginia leading 14-13 and six seconds left, there was no doubt who would take Maryland's last shot. Urso fired his best bullet. Rullman caught it with surprising ease and ran toward the sideline shaking his head. "Nobody screamed for Frank on that last shot," he said. "I don't believe it. If they had set some screens for him, I never would have seen the ball."

The Terps had been upset by Baltimore's powerful Mount Washington Club team the week before, and they would lose their third game in a row to Navy the week after Virginia. At least by then they had decided that Urso was their only hope. He had four goals against the Midshipmen and four more when Maryland finally won one against the Severna Park Club. Urso had four goals again last week as the Terps turned a previously mediocre (7-3) season into a success by handing top-rated Hopkins its first loss 19-11. It was Urso's goal after only 19 seconds of play that put his team ahead to stay.

"Frank hates to lose, even in a beer chugging contest," says Defenseman Mike Farrell. "It's the same with poker. I'll bet he's won a couple hundred dollars on the bus trips the team takes. He's always looking to see how the cards are dealt and what should be coming up. He studies everything."

He has been known to make an exception for textbooks. As a result he had trouble getting on the scholastic scoreboard as a freshman. If Beardmore had not hustled him into summer school, Urso would have spent his sophomore season as a spectator.

Urso is partly responsible for his scholastic deficiencies. As a freshman he eagerly fell in with a couple of seniors who had stacked arms academically. "They

*continued*



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knew their way around and I didn't," he admits. He learned, and as sophomores he and roommate Tuck carried on unrepentantly. Their chief contribution to intellectual life at Maryland was that they were not around enough to disturb next-door neighbor Tom McMillen, the basketball-playing Rhodes Scholar.

It is hard to believe, but Urso was quiet and shy when Kathy Sheedy started going steady with him in the ninth grade at Brentwood (N.Y.) High. Theirs was the classic high school romance—the football star and the cheerleader.

They were married last October and have made their first home in the Goddard Space Village, a complex too full of babies and VWs to be as other-worldly as it sounds. The Ursos' living room is furnished with a 25-inch color TV and an \$1,800 stereo that were wedding gifts, and with the hordes of teammates who are always in Frank's vicinity.

The salary Kathy earns as a secretary and Frank's scholarship pay for the \$212-a-month two-bedroom apartment. Frank adds what he can to the kitty by working as a guard at rock concerts in nearby Capital Centre. He gets \$35 a gig and the job keeps him in fighting trim. Not long ago he won four quick decisions at a raucous Led Zeppelin concert.

The arena offers Urso more than rock 'n' roll. Pro box lacrosse is played there by the Maryland Arrows, and Urso sees this hybrid of hockey, field lacrosse and roller derby as his future.

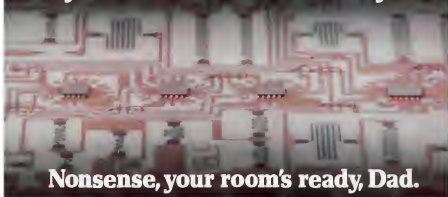
"I hear you can make anywhere from \$6,000 to \$20,000 a year," he says. That is not much in an age of multimillion-dollar bonuses, but the two-year-old National Lacrosse League is the best hope for a college player, even one like Urso, who is the best there is.

Understandably, Urso wants to find a way to make a living at what he does best. No problem, friends tell him. He is a natural for pro lacrosse. Beardmore, who was the Arrows' general manager last year, predicts Urso will be one of the league's stars. But what if all this rich promise comes to nothing? What would Urso do then?

He stares at his 25-inch color TV, and his mind runs away momentarily with the mad bomber Joe Friday is trying to catch on a *Dragnet* rerun. At last Urso says, "I don't know." Then he laughs, for he was a good-time All-America long before anybody started talking about his becoming a four-time All-America. **END**



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## BEATING THEIR BRAINS OUT

... but rarely anyone else's. MIT fields teams in a record 22 sports without granting a single athletic scholarship or charging admission or caring if anyone turns out to watch, which is always a possibility

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD







**D**uring one of those chatty interludes in a televised college football game the other season (no matter which), Sportscaster Chris Schenkel cut rather merrily to the subject of intercollegiate athletics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and how—wow!—Old Brainy had more teams (22) competing in NCAA sports than any other school. There are 697 participating colleges and universities in the three divisions of the National Collegiate Athletic Association. Some of them are named Southern Cal and Ohio State. Schenkel's discovery was smugly noted in the MIT student newspaper, *The Tech*, with the comment that this was actually better publicity for the NCAA than for MIT because association with such a "well-known academic institution" was "obviously good for the NCAA's image."

On the premise that it is hardly news once it is intoned by Chris Schenkel, the fact that MIT sends 22 squads of geniuses out to slay the opposition with fastballs, hook shots and backhand volleys instead of coefficients and logarithms is not in itself a revelation here. However, 22 is a goodly number regardless of whose image is served or how good the teams are. MIT's, mostly, are paties.

What you may not know is that:

- MIT equips and fields all these teams without offering or granting a single athletic scholarship; without recruiting a single athlete, be he blue, red or white chip; without charging a nickel for admission to any event; without caring, really, if anybody shows up to watch, which is always a possibility. Some of its teams do very well, and some merit the inattention.
- MIT will spend \$820,000 this year on its athletic program—\$345,000 for the 22 intercollegiate sports, featuring this spring baseball, lacrosse, tennis and so forth; the rest for five women's varsity sports, physical education, intramurals

and club sports, and a modestly priced stray special or two such as Hatha yoga and Frisbee—with nary a discouraging word from faculty or administration about "how much all this is costing." The expenditure is, in fact, quite modest compared, say, with Michigan's \$4.1 million budget or UCLA's \$3.3 million, but it should be remembered that there is no hope whatsoever of breaking even at MIT. In the economic pinch, "break even" has become the rallying caterwaul of college athletic programs across the country. At MIT you don't even hear a groan.

• Not a penny of the \$820,000 is derived from or expended for the MIT football team. There is no MIT football team. Nor is there evidence that anyone wants one. Athletic Director Ross H. (Jim) Smith says that the subject is broached "in cycles, every five years or so," usually by fiery-eyed stars of the Class A intramural football league (the ones who are coordinated) itching to get their mitts on the likes of Colby and Bates. At MIT, this cyclic phenomenon is treated as if it were an open jar of smallpox virus, and soon routed. Peter Close, the sports information director, notes that the school fielded a football team from 1882 to 1893.

In 13 games with Harvard it was outscored 555-5.

• Twenty-six of MIT's 132 hallowed acres, a vertical slash of oak-lined real estate hard by Memorial Drive on the Charles River in Cambridge, are devoted exclusively to athletics. The complex includes two baseball fields, a lacrosse-soccer-track stadium, 10 tennis courts, a tennis bubble, a rugby field, a gymnasium, a field house, an indoor track-basketball "cage" made of two former U.S. Navy airplane hangars, a swimming pool, a boathouse, a sailing pavilion and various spaces in between for intramurals. They are in constant use. The light in the tennis bubble burns nightly past midnight. It is not unusual for a squash match to start at 2 a.m. Eight intramural softball diamonds are filled in three daily shifts and six football fields are lined off to accommodate 68 intramural teams. Howard W. Johnson, chairman of the MIT Corporation, the school's governing body, says woe unto the department head who tries to lay a finger on a square inch of those 26 acres.

As part of a recently unveiled plan for new development, \$6.1 million more has



been earmarked for a double-decker indoor ice rink-track facility to be completed in two years. Clint Murchison Jr. (class of '44), the Texas sports mahout, will be the funding ramrod. One might assume that such a grand addition was a proud response to the success of the MIT ice hockey team, which now labors on a junky, well-scarred, 20-year-old "temporary" outdoor rink next to Kresge Auditorium. Games there have been called off when the snow piled up. Toes freeze as does the wooden ball in the referee's whistle. During one varsity game played at 7° below zero the referee dropped the frozen puck on the ice and it broke in two.

This assumption, however, would be wrong. The hockey team has lost a record 33 straight games, including the last four of the 1975 season by a combined score of 44-3. Assume, rather, that the love of sport at MIT, though not new, has nothing to do with traditional American won-lost values. Winning is not everything, and it is certainly not the only thing, and

coming in second is not considered so bad. When the women's rowing team finished third in a three-team race with Princeton and Yale recently the coach was elated. "You don't realize how good Princeton and Yale are," he said.

Be assured before going further that this is the same MIT you have always imagined it to be: 110 years of feeding a hungry world (and its laboratories, industries and space agencies) prize-winning scientists and engineers, their feet not quite touching the ground as they emerge from the famed architectural hodgepodge just across the river from Back Bay Boston. MIT is as independent, richly endowed and cocky as ever. The names Aristotle and Copernicus are engraved in stone below the great dome of the engineering library. It is said that students think this to be "the center of the universe"—a place "for men to work, and not for boys to play," quoth MIT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE

President Francis Walker in 1892. Noses at MIT are grindstone oriented. Labs sometimes drag on for seven hours, and a male student averages 1.3 dates a year.

But a center of athletic excellence? Yes, in a way, and not hardly. All the hoary jokes about "hearing their brains tuckling" are revived when MIT boys come out to play. As well they should. Says a student adviser who divides his time with the Apollo program at nearby Draper Laboratories, "There are those who, when they come out to play basketball, cannot turn the ball loose to dribble it. A lot of them are just terribly smart young men who have developed no physical dexterity or practical sense. I had one who sheared the bolts off his muffler unscrewing them the wrong way. I had another who could make nitroglycerin in the eighth grade. In his senior year in high school he was able to formulate plastic explosives, the most complicated kind. One weekend he blew up the high school cafeteria."

But come out to play they do. In multiples. In increasing, staggering droves, spurred on by an energetic, yes, even enlightened athletic department and by their own logical quest for grindstone respite. Beyond the standard physical education requirement (a dose of eight credits in two years), 68% of the students compete in some form of organized athletics, including those on the 800 teams in 19 intramural sports. One thousand of the total undergraduate enrollment of 4,000 make up the 22 intercollegiate teams, an astounding one in four. These squads usually are larger than the opposition's because players are not cut at MIT—for practical as well as humanitarian reasons. An MIT varsity coach, traditionally, is ignorant of his material. His unsung, unrecruited athletes sign in as total strangers on registration day. A coach cannot be too careful under those conditions. When John Barry, now assistant athletic director, was basketball coach, he said he "lived with the single nagging fear that someday no one would show up for practice."

In such an insulated, catch-all environment, many who reach varsity status—the upper crust—"think they're better than they are," says Peter Close, an angular, goatbeard, lyric, ex-Olympic distance runner from St. John's who doubles as the assistant track coach. A conscientious SID, he enjoys telling the whimsical anecdotes about his charges. As a

continued



coach he is not so sure. "I had a boy collapse near the finish of a two-mile relay. I said, 'You run out of gas!' He said, 'No, I fainted.' What's the difference?"

"Coaches at MIT go bananas answering 'why.' I go bananas. They ask, 'Why four laps? Why not five? Or three?' We practice till 7:30, then I have to stand around an hour explaining the workout we just had."

"It's the MIT way. When the basketball team refused to stand for the national anthem a few years ago, MIT quit playing it. Most of them are great kids, strong Middle America types. I had one mother in Skokie, Ill. send a walnut tray of caviar and cheese, she was so grateful to the department. But some of these kids—face it—are snobs. Especially the younger ones. They had a job getting here, and they're proud of it. They walk around with their noses up, making fun of people. I took a team to Columbia, into Spanish Harlem, and I was scared to let them out of their rooms. I was afraid they

would get killed with their attitudes.

"We never have trouble getting opponents. Everybody wants to beat MIT. They think when they beat us they're beating us in the classroom. It ain't so. They beat us because we're bad."

But, ah, says Close, the dawn comes up like thunder over the Charles River. Encouraged to leave their intellectual cocoons, given time and opportunity, the true scholar-athletes emerge at MIT. Except that the order is reversed from the way you may have remembered it at your neighborhood football factory. "The professionals," as MIT athletes call those on scholarship at big-time football schools, ride in on the best deal a recruiter can buy them and, it is to be hoped, eventually discover the classroom. At MIT a straight-A student stumbles, blinking, into the sunlight—and discovers athletics. And this, says Close, is *really* the fun of it: some of them actually get good.

Exhibit A: John Wesley Pearson, class

of '74, mechanical engineering. Six three, 220 pounds, brown hair, brown eyes. A graduate student with a research grant in nuclear thermo design. President of the MIT Varsity Club. Two-time All-America hammer thrower, Division III, NCAA. Personal best, 175'6".

This is John Pearson talking: "I weighed 250 pounds when I came here. Not fat, but overweight. My size, you play football in high school, I wasn't good at football. I didn't play anything, I was into music, I sang. And I was smart, so nobody hassled me. I came to MIT to study, period. I thought that's what everybody did. How was I to know?"

"There are three well-defined groups at MIT. First, the ones who study all the time. They wind up hating it. And griping. A lot of chronic complainers are intellectuals. They need to gripe. The second group coasts through, never really getting involved, skimming over studies and barely trying the activities. The third group jumps into everything. Really gets

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involved. You won't believe this, but some guys here have more activities than they do studies.

"Anyway, I was a fairly big guy. I must have stood out. When I went in for PE the trainer asked me to come out for track. He said, 'You can throw the hammer.' I didn't know what a hammer was, much less how to throw it. You never see one in high school. But Coach [Gordon] Kelly is an unbelievable teacher. For the next four years the hammer was a big thing in my life. I threw three hours every day, and lifted weights. When I won the NCAAAs in 1974 it was a first for MIT.

"I believe I'd never have made it here without athletics. If I'd gone to Cal Tech, say, or Stanford, where the varsity sports program is limited or the athletes are handpicked, I'd have studied, period. And probably flunked out. I didn't do well as a freshman and sophomore. I still don't know why I wasn't put on notice, except that MIT bends over backward

to keep you in school. They're so meticulous about admissions they feel the ones they choose should make it.

"Athletics gave me a reason to stay. A commitment. And a release from the academic crunch. In athletics you make your own pressure. The coaches here don't come around dragging you out of bed to practice. But if you want attention, they'll go with you every step.

"I found that athletes at MIT actually become the better students. They make better grades. They organize their time better. They have to. Most of them get their best grades during the season of their sport. Sounds crazy, right?

"It's not just sports at MIT, it's everything. There's something like 170 activities on campus. The rule is, if a group of kids wants something, it's made available. We had the world Frisbee champion here giving classes. A couple years ago somebody wanted to start a tiddlywinks team. They went to the student government. They got the money for it."

(When asked about the latter, Publicist Close looked as though he had been hit with a cream pie. "Oh, don't mention that," he said, grinning sheepishly. Why not? "It's embarrassing. *Tiddlywinks*." What prompted it? "The world championships. In London. Please don't mention it." The team went to London? "Yes." How'd it do? Subdued voice: "They won." How'd they get the money to go? "MIT is very soft shouldered. Get a guy who wants to enter a Ping-Pong tournament in Hong Kong, and Jim Smith will scrape up the money. Get two guys and he'll find a coach.")

Exhibits B, C, et al.

At Dopfel, class of '72, marketing major, baseball pitcher. Dopfel pitched the first no-hitter in MIT history. In 1972 he led the nation with 15.4 strikeouts a game. He was voted the Most Valuable Player in the Greater Boston League. He signed, for a bonus estimated at \$15,000, with the California Angels. "I think it will be easier to get a job in baseball

continued



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than in the business world," he said. Dopfel dropped out of baseball this spring rather than be assigned to the Angels' AA farm team in El Paso. He was convinced that he was not going to make the big leagues, though at MIT he is still proudly referred to as "the only guy in our history who could have."

Bill Young, class of '74, aeronautics and astronautics. Tennis captain. The 1973 New England singles and doubles champion. Coach Ed Crocker, who has been at MIT 19 years (MIT coaches do not discourage easily and are usually given every opportunity to die with their boots on), says Young was "the best we ever had, good enough to make the pro league right now if he wanted." Young has entered the Air Force instead. "I have a thing about height," he said. He once took a special mountain climbing course at MIT.

George Bruun, class of '75, oceanography. MIT's current lacrosse captain and a consistent winner in the 600-yard run. He was the lacrosse team's leading scorer the last three years, though the team went 0-11 and 0-14 the first two. It was 3-9 this year. Bruun is the first MIT man in anyone's memory who came right out and said that he would like to chuck engineering and become a coach. Blasphemy. To that end he plans to do graduate work at Springfield. "Engineering," he says, "isn't much fun."

Erland van Lidth de Jeude, class of '76, computer science. A 6'6", 330-pound wrestler. The Greater Boston champion as a freshman, the year the coach's wife stitched two size-44 uniforms into one for him. He gets a lot of forfeits in wrestling, he says, because 190-pounders take one look and change their minds. De Jeude has a slight Dutch accent, a brown belt in judo and a baritone voice that makes walls tremble. In an MIT production of *Mou of La Munch* he played Dr. Carrasco because, he told Joe Concannon of *The Boston Globe*, "I make a very imposing figure in armor." He got rave reviews.

De Jeude says he finds solutions to his engineering problems "in the middle of the night. I wake up and write them down." Though he wants to be an opera singer as well as a computer analyst, he also wants to wrestle as long as he can. "It is a very sportsmanlike pastime. You're not thinking of killing anyone. In football [which he played without distinction in high school], they always said

you had to hate the guy in front of you. On what basis?"

The party line in team sports at MIT is "to be competitive," maybe win as many as you lose. In 10 years the baseball and basketball teams have had eight winning seasons. The hockey team has had none, the wrestling team nine. It even out. This year the 22 teams have a combined 124-144 record to date. Yet, seeking .500 or mediocrity, some manage to rise above it. The 1974 heavyweight crew finished second to Wisconsin in the intercollegiate championships and two weeks ago the heavyweights were second to national champion Harvard in the Eastern Sprints. The 1974 baseball team represented New England in the NCAA championships. Johan Akerman led MIT to the 1974 Intercollegiate Fencing Association Foils title. The 1974 pistol team had two All-Americans in Karl Seeler and Stephen Goldstein and won the NRA collegiate championship. The women's sailing team won the nationals in 1971 and 1973.

But for all these slightly breathtaking feats and the emergence of what could be called legitimate MIT athletes, one night still miss the point here if it were not for . . . well, if it were not for 6-foot, 170-pound Lawrence D. David, known around the locker rooms and playing fields of MIT as LD<sup>3</sup>.

David—LD<sup>3</sup>—is a senior in organic chemistry. "the one," he says, "with all those funny-colored compounds." He delves daily into the private lives of water molecules, hoping to extract fuel, and the blue blood of crabs. He is a Phi Beta Kappa (4.9 average out of 5.0). "I like school," says LD<sup>3</sup>.

He also likes athletics, but he is not an athlete. In his four years as an undergraduate he went out for the intramural softball team but did not play. "What I'm good at," he says, "is walking. I'm a terrific walker. I'm better than anybody I know at walking."

David is an only child. "In high school in Dover, N.H. I was a turkey. I studied all the time. I shut myself away. The basketball coach knew my parents. He asked if I'd come out and do some statistics. I did statistics for football, basketball and baseball. I got good at it. I developed a system where you could chart an entire football game on two sheets of paper, 80-by-100 grids."

At MIT, LD<sup>3</sup> introduced Head Basketball Coach Fran O'Brien to the advantages of the "assist chart" and the

"turnover chart." He became the basketball team manager, and when baseball started, he managed that team, too. He provided O'Brien (also the baseball coach) with an "on-base percentage chart," the "best way," he said, "to structure your lineup, though in college the reference frame is too short because there aren't enough games."

LD<sup>3</sup> managed the baseball and basketball teams four seasons. "Athletes aren't pieces of meat at MIT," he says. "Coaches aren't dictators. Coach O'Brien and I practically lived together nine months a year, so we had to get along. He's a great guy. But we had our moments. Mostly he'd argue over my scoring of base hits. I tried to score on a major league level. Did the ball hit the fence before the guy dropped it or after? Sometimes I suggested who should hit in what position. I don't say he always listened, but he never said, 'You're just the manager. Managers should be seen and not heard.'"

LD<sup>3</sup> calls the athletic program at MIT "a great catalyst. I know I wouldn't have the depth of education without it. I learned to love the guys on the teams. Adversity is a great lever."

Peter Close says he believes David would rewrite the Ten Commandments if he thought them lacking. "LD<sup>3</sup> doesn't look at you when he's talking," Close says, "but his eyes roll behind those glasses, and when he's onto something and whipping himself into a frenzy, he gets very satisfied with what he's saying. His eyes really roll then."

David says he does indeed get exercised when the cause is right. For example, he says he got very upset about the caliber of opposition the basketball team faced. "Way out of our league—teams like *Howard*, for crying out loud. It was ridiculous." He wrote a two-page "prospect for change," recommending that MIT coaches have more to say about scheduling. Athletic Director Smith made copies and filed it away.

In a week when the Associated Press was running a series of articles on the athletic dilemma of such schools as the University of Wisconsin, where Athletic Director Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch was portrayed as a modern Jacob wrestling a killer 53 million budget, MIT's Smith tended his unthreatened \$820,000 program without a hitch. From hour to hour he toiled around the facilities, usually on

*continued*

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## BARBINS

foot, sometimes in his ancient yellow Volkswagen, through the rusted front fender of which an inspired auto dealer had stuck a key in an attempt to impress on Smith his need for a new car. Smith resisted the pitch.

MIT that week was alive with geings-on. On Tuesday the baseball team lost its annual big game with Harvard 9-2. Julia Child came to speak in Kresge Auditorium, rocking gently in a sea of mushrooms and bell peppers as she sliced and sautéed. There was a flea market in the student center and a science fair at the Rockwell Cage where, during fall registration, MIT coaches are allowed to set up hooths to entice prospects. In the wrestling and fencing rooms, faculty and students submitted themselves to Maggie Letvin for overhauls. Maggie is svelte, black-haired and 48, "The Beautiful Machine" of Boston educational television. Her roly-poly husband is an MIT biology and electrical engineering professor.

Jim Smith is 60, no longer svelte, a wide-lipped, round-faced man with dark eyebrows and light, almost stoic good humor. He uses the latter to convert minimums to maximums in his athletic budget.

He has been MIT athletic director 14 years, coming from Cornell, where he coached lacrosse, soccer and freshman basketball. He is his department's only full professor. He says that the 68 people on his current payroll actually boil down to 41.2 positions (the Frisbee instructor was on campus, and got \$250 for a short-term deal), and only 20 of the staff are full-time varsity coaches. Smith juggles. He is inventive and very opportunistic.

"How, you might ask, does MIT justify having a skiing coach?" he said as he slipped the Volkswagen behind the fence near the outdoor rink and stepped onto the spongy grass. It had been raining on Greater Boston, a bleak spring day. MIT was seen in a curiously depressing perspective, like the heaths in a Constable oil. "Well, we found a guy who was a certified ski professional and an All-America soccer player at Springfield. He coached both. Unfortunately, he hasn't worked out. The new skiing coach will probably be a graduate student from Harvard Business School. We'll probably wind up hiring a combination rink operator-hockey coach when the new rink is completed. See? It's a constant juggle. The current hockey coach is a

part-time civil engineering instructor. Sometimes you get lucky. The rugby club team doesn't even want a coach."

The MIT athletic program was student controlled until 1947. A student committee had full power to hire coaches and buy equipment. The students themselves asked for the change. Smith is only MIT's third athletic director.

"When President [Julius] Stratton hired me," Smith said, "he told me he wanted a program for the students, not for the glory of the school or financial gain. Athletics were never intended to make money here. Our intercollegiate sports were never intended to be dependent on gate receipts. It's the root of most problems at other schools."

"The only reason we go beyond the intramural level and field all those teams is that there are young men and women who want to compete at a higher level, as high as we can provide. That's the way intercollegiate competition began years ago. It's not that way anymore, of course."

Smith watched the track team's progress against Bowdoin for a while, then moved downfield, pulling his rain jacket around him and letting his uncovered balding head take its chances.

"We try to treat everybody the same. Our most expensive program is crew, which costs about \$14,000 a year exclusive of salaries and overhead. Our full-time coaches make \$15,000 to \$20,000. The important thing is that we create no jealousies. That's how you get cooperation. If nobody or no team is getting a free ride, they're all willing to help. When a school gives one sport, say football, the lion's share, and that sport subsidizes all the others, you're bound to have jealousies. I'm not knocking college football you understand. I love it and love to watch it. I wish we could have a team. It's a game people are naturally drawn to. If you can handle it, it's certainly worthwhile. But what we have is an alternative. Another way to go. I think there's room for both."

Smith walked past the empty baseball field (the varsity was down at Wesleyan losing for the eighth time in 16 games) to where, under the looming presence of a giant Cam's mayonnaise sign, the rugby team was being cheered on by a vest-pocket crowd, most of them welding bumbershoots. The ruggerers were holding their own in a game with Dartmouth, but their red-and-white uniforms were losing



to the muck. An occasional ball popped loose from the scrum and floated dreamlike over the chain-link fence, bouncing into the front of the Chaffin Optical Company across the street.

Smith worked his way back toward the tennis pavilion, which glistened like a huge blister against the seal-gray sky. MIT's match with Williams had been moved indoors. With his own key Smith let himself into the bubble through the back door, bringing with him a giant whoosh of air that stopped play on all four courts and drew stares from a knot of spectators huddled at the far end. Smith apologized to Coach Ed Crocker for the interruption. Crocker was having his own problems. Williams was leading on all four courts.

"We want to be competitive," said Smith, outside again and moving. "We want to win. Too many people think we don't try. We do. We feel in Division III, where there are no scholarships, we've a 50-50 chance in every sport." He smiled,

raising his dark eyebrows. "In some our 50-50 chances are better than in others."

He walked past the lacrosse field, where MIT had beaten Holy Cross the day before, and onto the track, where the meet with Bowdoin was winding to an anticlimax. The wet crowd in the bleachers could have been carried home in one car. Peter Close intercepted Smith. "We're getting clobbered," said Close, his head dripping. "It's 95-55."

Smith returned to his office. He took off his raincoat and patted the head of a stuffed beaver near his desk. "That's our mascot," he said. "The idea is we work like beavers around here. The students hate it, just like they hate all those references to slide rules." He looked at the beaver. "It is a pretty goofy-looking thing."

Smith said that every MIT coach is concerned with getting better athletes and more publicity, and this is natural. "A lot of academically qualified athletes don't think they can hack it at MIT what

with the grades and the tuition, which is around \$6,800 a year, including books and board. They just aren't aware of what's here. Sixty percent of our student body gets some kind of scholarship help. It's available.

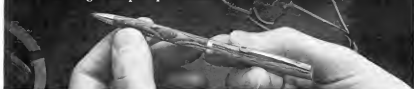
"The hard part is that our applicants often overlap with Princeton's and Yale's, and a kid with athletic ability who is accepted by all three will go to Princeton, maybe, because he doesn't think we've got enough sports for him. Just the opposite may be true.

"Enrollment is down everywhere. Ours isn't, but applications are. We're trying something new this year. The admissions office is putting a card in with every form, requesting applicants to advise us if they are interested in an intercollegiate sport. That way a coach can mail some literature to them about our program, let them see what's here before they decide to go elsewhere. It's the closest we've ever come to recruiting."

Smith said he had indeed made bud-

*continued*

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get cuts, doing what Chancellor Paul Gray calls "getting a good deal of bang for the dollar." There are fewer overnight trips, the freshman schedules have been reduced. Equipment Manager John Murphy never throws anything away. Some MIT rugby shoes are 12 years old and still in use, Smith juggles on. He was able to help finance Florida trips for baseball and lacrosse teams mostly out of a zealously guarded reserve fund, which also provided \$120,000 for a pistol and rifle range and an automatic timer with electric touch pads for the pool.

Especially gratifying, he said, was the way large donations always seemed to arrive in the nick of time. "A lot of people give a lot of money to MIT because they've had some good feeling about the place—the activities, the athletics," Smith said. George Leness ('26), retired chairman of the board of Merrill Lynch, won 41 medals as an MIT middle-distance runner. The medals glisten on Smith's office wall. Leness' \$100,000 en-

dowment fund flows from MIT's balance sheet. David Flett du Pont ('56) left \$1 million for athletic development in his will—he was killed in an auto accident after his junior year. Harold Whitworth Pierce's \$300,000 gift made completion of the splendid Pierce Boat House possible in 1966. Pierce did not even go to MIT. "In fact," said Smith, "he dropped out of Harvard after his freshman year."

As Smith left his office Close brought news that the tennis team had pulled it out against Williams 5-4. The heavy-weight crew race with Northeastern and Boston U. had been postponed by high winds. The Charles, said Close, looked as if it had been fed from a crankcase. The MIT team had wanted to race, anyway, but the others had chickened out.

Jim Smith moved 400 pounds of fertilizer in his Volkswagen on Sunday, piling the bags on the floor and seats. Thus encumbered, he volunteered to drive a visitor to the airport. The visitor sat with his legs propped up on the bags.

The crew race was postponed once more. Finally, at 8:30 Monday morning, Peter Close and a few MIT fans stood and cheered as the crew beat Northeastern by four lengths. "It was the biggest clobbering we ever gave them," beamed Close.

The Lambda Chi chapter at MIT is housed in a 75-year-old, six-story building on the opposite shore of the Charles from the school. It is within walking distance, via the 85-year-old Harvard Bridge. The Lambda Chis rank just above the SAEs and the Black Student Union as the all-jocks of MIT. They were the winners of the coveted intramural Class A football championship last fall.

The Lambda Chis have gone a long way to establishing campus standards, athletic and otherwise. Some years ago it was decided that a freshman pledge named Oliver Smoot, a 5'5" rugby player, should be used to measure the length of the Harvard Bridge. After a festive day

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and night in the frat house, he became stiff as a tongue depressor and was hoisted on the shoulders of his brothers and taken to the Charles. The distance was marked off in "Smoots" as he was conveyed end-over-end across the bridge—it being exactly 364.4 lengths of Smoot's body from one side to the other. A Smoot is now an accepted (if unofficial) unit of measure at MIT.

By whatever measure, the Lambda Chis are indeed jock infested, and proud of it. On a recent Friday evening President John Cavoletsky, a tall, handsome, short-haired junior from Dedham, Mass. and a two-sport letterman (baseball and basketball), led members in an informal postdinner discussion on the whys and why nots of the non-existent MIT varsity football team. Dinner had been coat and tie. A polite, to-the-point blessing was said, and a bawdy—though dated—table song sung to enliven the stew. Some of the members brought

A cluster of boys and a few of the girls (none of them MIT coeds) repaired to a large comfortable den with a well-stocked bar and, over it, a plaque that read: "On Thursday, August 16, 1962, at 12 noon, while preparing a dry martini cocktail, the bartender of this establishment succeeded in isolating the vermouth molecule."

It was Cavoletsky's belief (he did not realize, he admitted later, that he was in the throes of the five-year-cycle tremors) that MIT could field a football team. Peter Close, one of the dinner guests, said the wild thing about MIT intramural football players was that they think they can slap on a set of pads and go out and play Harvard.

"What's the difference?" said Cavoletsky. "I practice two hours a day for the intramural team. It might as well be in pads."

"We don't have the size," said a brother. "All the big guys are out for crew."

"Yeah, where will we get our guards and tackles?"

Another brother said the problem was image. MIT had one to live up to. "The other schools have professionals. Like the ones who play for Harvard and Yale. Here there's no way."

"There's always Bowdoin and RPL."

Close said this kind of talk actually produced results in the 1940s. A team called the MIT Non-Vars (for non-

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## BRAINS *continued*

varity) managed to get itself conglutinated, almost entirely from 28-year-old veterans of the V-12 program. A kind of club team. "But they couldn't even beat Belmont High," said Close, "and had no chance whatsoever against Exeter."

"The real problem," said one older boy with a beard, "is money. It would throw the whole athletic program out of whack here if you spent the kind of money you need for a football team. And it would be chaos trying to find field time. Nobody wants to give up a minute of their precious field time."

"And we couldn't get on Tufts' or Bates' or anybody's schedule for 10 years," said Close. "They make those things up so far in advance."

"Who'd want to, anyway? We get to watch the good games on Saturday afternoon, then we get to play ourselves."

"You can't compete with the professionals," said the beard. "No gate receipts, no recruiting, no scholarships, no spring practice, no four-hour practice sessions. It would be a disaster."

"I still say it'd be fun to try. There are a hell of a lot of good football players on this campus."

"Good *twack* football players."

"A football team is great for school spirit."

"Not if it loses. Watch a team lose 26 in a row and see what happens to school spirit. We may lose the spirit we already have. Hell, no. Football would corrupt the entire program."

"And that," said a brother, "would be a shame."

The student adviser was flying down to Miami for a vacation from the Draper labs and from his work at MIT, where he has gotten his Master's. He said he loved it there because he'd become involved in the sports program. He'd actually learned to play squash and was running every day and allowing Maggie Lettvin to streamline him.

He said, too, that the more he got to know the MIT kids, the more he came to realize a remarkable thing, almost a phenomenon about the kids.

"After they've been exposed to MIT a few years," he said, shaking the ice in his empty scotch and soda glass, "and get into activities and athletics, a lot of them really blossom. I mean, the change is remarkable. It seems that they're a lot more normal as seniors than they were as freshmen."

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## MOST POWERFUL MAN

Sir:

Ray Kennedy's piece on Mark McCormack (*On His Mark*, May 12) convinced me of one thing: there is someone in sports who may be worse than Charlie O. Finley. Like Finley, McCormack constantly brags of his accomplishments and is critical of anyone who has an opinion different from his own.

"Fans do tend to be children," he says. "They try to pretend that the athlete of their fancy is out there doing what he excels at for some greater good or glory than a buck." He calls this a "naïve view." Then later in the article he is talking about his company and states, "We want to do what is best for our clients and the game." No mention of the buck. Naïve, indeed! He would have made a heckuva politician.

RON WHISEMAN

Stockton, Calif.

Sir:

If ever there was someone out to kill the golden goose it is Mark H. McCormack. The faster he runs, the more we fans pay.

JOHN S. RITCHIE

Cincinnati

Sir:

Mark McCormack certainly has been a boon to pro sport. Rising ticket prices and failing tournaments and franchises are monuments to his greed in the name of clients. Someday soon, perhaps, Mr. McCormack will replace the Super Bowl with Superstars. Or possibly just eliminate the World Series as "ill-conceived." After all, Mr. McCormack is the most powerful man in pro sport. Ain't it wonderful?

T. N. WOOLFOLK

Baltimore

## ATLANTA'S LOSERS

Sir:

I was taken aback by the assertion that Atlanta is a sports oddity (*TV/RADIO*, May 5). I believe I know the exact reason Atlanta does not support its professional sports more avidly. Atlanta's teams are all pathetic, bungling, mismanaged losers. Over the few short years Atlantans have had professional sports they have lost their patience looking for winners among the ashes of the South's "sports empire." Any team that wins and whose first name is "Atlanta" will be rewarded with adoration and a healthy box office.

ROBERT A. NANCE

Jesup, Ga.

## NONPROFIT

Sir:

Having seen Jimmy Connors, "The Million-Dollar Kid," on your cover (May 5) and then having discovered cursory mention of Will Rodgers, Boston Marathon record setter, in *FOR THE RECORD*, I must protest. I object to your glorifying only those events that involve absurd amounts of money. I protest your ignoring an amateur event that is unique and wonderful and which this year produced a thrilling upset in one of the fastest marathons of all time. If Will Rodgers and the 2,000 runners chasing him were also chasing oodles of prize money, would you then consider the event significant? Of course you would.

It's not exactly a secret that sport in America has become a gluttonous, overstuffed beast. Schedules are far too long; athletes labor for months to get to a series of interminable playoffs that may soon stretch to the beginning of the next season, like a dragon swallowing its own tail. Instead of encouraging this insatiably greedy state of affairs by featuring a Million-Dollar Twerp, why not seek out the real stories?

I'll have to give you credit for the excellent article on young Houston McTeer in the same issue. But his moment of truth has yet to arrive. The Marathon has come and gone, and where was *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*? At Caesars Palace!

BEN BALOWIN

Kittery Point, Maine

## FUND RAISER

Sir:

Jack Nicklaus stated that a high-stakes head-to-head match between him and Johnny Miller would be bad for golf in the long run, but I feel that if the proceeds, which certainly would be substantial, were donated to the Olympic fund, such a match would be a great and almost painless way to get essential contributions.

LLOYD LARSON

Kelseyville, Calif.

## MCTEER'S WORLD

Sir:

Hats off to Ron Reid for his article on Houston McTeer (*Tearing His Way Up From Nowhere*, May 5). As you know, McTeer has since run the 100-yard dash in 9.0, tying the world record. I am glad you saw fit to give him some recognition before he tied the record.

ROD APPELBECK

Lima, Ohio

Sir:

As an ardent sports fan, a concerned citizen and a hard-working taxpayer, I am shocked that in the modern time a strapping, talented young man such as Houston McTeer or his brother George can be punished for "eating too much." What has America's sense of responsibility and compassion come to that we allow a situation such as this to exist? We open our country and treasury to citizens of other countries while many of our own citizens live in poverty. Is it right that the Americans who are undernourished be last on our list of priorities?

MARIAN EISENBERG

Daluth

Sir:

I also live among the soybean farms and pine forests of the Sunshine State's panhandle and my Florida also is more like the backwoods of Alabama than Palm Beach, but I see life as most rural American blacks and whites do, not out of the eyes of a materialistic urban society. Having been exposed through college and travel to the so-called urban advantages, I feel Ron Reid is the one who is lost and deprived. I am sure Houston McTeer could find just as much fault with our noise-polluted, overcrowded, crime-and-drug-infested asphalt jungle as you did with his small-time, small-town environment of Milligan, Fla. McTeer's lifestyle isn't up to Reid's American Dream, but here is a high school athlete with smog-free lungs, from a family supported by his father's labor and from a community where both blacks and whites are donating their time and money to see one of *theirs* make a name for himself. It would be a shame if the frills of Reid's world tempted McTeer just as he is starting to go first class, because Houston can identify with his environment, as backward as it may seem. McTeer knows where he's tearing up from, and he knows who is behind him.

JIM ANDERS

Blountstown, Fla.

Sir:

Along with Ron Reid, I cross my fingers in the hope that Houston McTeer overcomes the monetary temptations our athletic system is sure to test him with in the years ahead.

My main concern, however, is over the Florida custom of punishment called "boarding." Have those school officials no feeling for modern enlightenment? Don't they recognize the horrible possibility that a

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whole generation of Florida schoolchildren could grow up and enter the world possessed of manners and respect for others?

DICK TRACE

Saginaw, Mich.

**UNBROKEN SPIRIT (CONT.)**

Sir,

If we had not just completed a two-year study and survey on the impact of feral burros on desert wildlife habitats, we would have been completely won over by the magic and glamour of the "final epic Wild West drama" starring Wild Horse Annie and her gang of schoolchildren (*Wild West Showdown*, May 5). Velma Johnston is to be commended for the fine job she has done in obtaining humane treatment for horses and burros on the open range. However, horses are horses, and burros are not horses—and we are looking for a gang of school kids somewhere out there in America who care about butterflies, birds, lizards, tortoises and highhorn sheep. These are the species that are seriously impacted in areas overpopulated by feral burros. Herman Woeskopf only scratched the surface in his article.

BEN and MIRIAM ROMERO

Monterey, Calif.

Sir,

The article did a thorough job of telling one side of a controversial and emotional issue. A letter cannot begin to tell the other side. However, as a cattle rancher, I want to make a few comments.

The statement that cattlemen believe in "dominant use" of the public lands by livestock is wrong. The livestock industry has long advocated "multiple use."

The figure of 1% of the food cattle being grazed on public land may be correct but needs explanation. The cattle grazed on public land are brood animals which supply replacements to other livestock operations and cattle for the feed lots. Cattle grazed on public land are very seldom directly slaughtered for food. Taking this into consideration, public-land grazing is of far greater importance than the article would indicate.

Very few ranchers advocate the extermination of wild horses. All of them advocate their being controlled to a number compatible with the sustained-yield carrying capacity of the range while still making room for other uses on a sustained basis. One thing that was not mentioned was that numbers can now be controlled, if the federal agencies desire. But unless individuals will take

care of the excess animals under a cooperative agreement, they can only be put to death. Surely, in this protein-deficient world there is a better solution. There is no reason why the excess horses should not be put to commercial use or even slaughtered, if done humanely and in a sanitary manner.

The reference to "a Kiddee Cavalry of thousands of schoolchildren, most of whom have never seen a wild horse," should tell something of the practicality of this wild horse law.

LESLIE J. SEEWART

Paradise Valley, Nev.

Sir:

The abuse of public lands and of the creatures that live there by certain avaricious private interests is both despicable and shameful. People like Velma Johnston and articles such as Herman Woeskopf's perform a valuable public service.

SAMUEL D. HINKLE IV

San Francisco

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